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CHRONICLE

The War.—Only meager results have been obtained by the military operations on the various battlefields. In Belgium, the Germans succeeded in recapturing a portion of the ground recently gained by British troops south of St. Eloi. Increased activity is reported at many points along the Italian frontier, but neither Austrians nor Italians claim any marked advance. The Russians have resumed their offensive in the Lake Narotch district, east of Vilna, but without notable success. In Armenia, the Turks have lost an important position in the Upper Tchouk region, northwest of Erzerum. In Mesopotamia the British relief force, which is again advancing up the Tigris, has taken Umm-el-Hanna and Felahie. Elsewhere the situation remains unchanged.

In the fight for Verdun, the French and Germans have both had considerable success. West of the Meuse the Germans have pressed forward, but east of the river the

*The Fight for
Verdun*

substantial gains have been on the side of the French. In the latter section, the Germans, having captured Vaux and the northern portion of the Caillette woods, attempted to gain an important advantage by taking the heights that lie south of the village. The French not only prevented this, but drove the Germans out of some of the positions they gained last week, so that at present the western part of Vaux is again in French hands. Nor is this all. The French have retaken all of the Caillette woods and have forced the Germans to retire in a northeasterly direction to the Haudaumont woods. The latter, therefore, although they are still attacking the main northeastern defenses of Verdun, have been unable to penetrate them, and the

French, in spite of a destructive fire directed against their line from Douaumont to Vaux, have the situation well in hand.

West of the Meuse the Germans were more successful. After the French had withdrawn to the south bank of the Forges Brook, the Germans attacked the village of Haucourt, surrounded it on three sides, and compelled its evacuation. Later they made a series of attacks on the French positions to the southwest of Haucourt, between the village and Hill 287, and they claim, although the claim is only partially admitted by the French, to have taken the entire ridge of Termiten Hill. This advance represented a gain on a front of a mile and a half, and seriously menaced Bethincourt. The town was accordingly abandoned by the French, and their line was reconstructed with the apex of the salient at Mort Homme Hill. The Germans proceeded at once to attack with great violence the new positions and took 500 yards of French trenches on Hill 295.

France.—The French Red Cross is not one single society. It is composed of these three independent, self-governing bodies: "The French Society of Aid to

*The Red Cross
Societies*

Wounded Soldiers," the oldest and most aristocratic of the three; "The Union of the Women of France," in which are found more especially the women of the industrial and commercial world; "The Association of French Ladies," composed of ladies of the middle class. These bodies, however, though remaining distinct, have combined their action and worked together harmoniously.

At the beginning of the war, "The Society of Aid to Wounded Soldiers" had 300 hospitals with 16,000 beds; "The Women of France," 190 hospitals with 10,000 beds; "The French Ladies," 100 hospitals with 6,000 beds. But

this number proved inadequate to the needs, and the three Societies were obliged to increase their equipment and their staffs. In January, 1916, "The Society of Aid to Wounded Soldiers" had 796 hospitals, with more than 67,000 beds; "The Women of France," 353 hospitals with 29,000 beds; "The French Ladies," 350 hospitals with 22,000 beds. The service is ensured by nurses, all volunteers, equipping themselves, providing for their own upkeep and paying a subscription to their respective societies. At the present time, "The Society of Aid to Wounded Soldiers" has more than 15,000 certificated nurses; "The Women of France" more than 9,000, aided by 18,000 assistants; "The French Ladies" more than 16,000 field nurses. "The Society of Aid to Wounded Soldiers" has so far lost 22 nurses actually killed at the front or dying from diseases contracted in their work. Nurses have accompanied the French expeditionary corps to Lemnos and Salonika, and are tending the sick and the wounded on the hospital-ships returning from the East. The *Bulletin de l'Alliance Française* pays a well-deserved tribute to these generous women. It is to be hoped that this paper will not leave unacknowledged the services of the numerous Sisters who are working for the same noble cause.

Germany.—Questions of the greatest importance were freely discussed by the Imperial Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann Hollweg, in the Reichstag's session of April 5.

*German Aims
Described*

It was the most comprehensive speech of the war-period. He began by reviewing the military situation, the failure of the Dardanelles enterprise, the victory of the Central Powers in Serbia, Montenegro, and Albania, the frustration of the English relief force, the Russian advance now checked by the Turks, the unbroken Austrian and German fronts, and the gains at Verdun, showing that "the enemy's reports that Germany's military forces have been exhausted are erroneous." The hope of starving Germany into submission, he said, "by making war upon the women and children of the country and violating the trade of neutrals" was fatuous. "The American note of November 5, 1915, gave an exact description of English violations of international law. But as far as I know it has not been answered up to this day." He explained, too, the Government's attitude toward the different small nationalities and races, Belgian, Lithuanian, Polish and Flemish. Germany could never consent that Belgium be turned into a military and economic fortress of the foe and be made a vassal of France or England. He gave the assurance that the Belgians would be free to develop according to their natural gifts, their language, and their racial character; but a future war must be averted. Germany's withdrawal from the "new Belgium" would be conditioned upon sufficient guarantees; moreover, the Flemish inhabitants must be assured an opportunity of developing upon the basis of "their Netherlandish language and characteristics." Poland

must be freed forever from the hand of "a reactionary Russia." The Chancellor asserted that if the principle of nationalities is to be maintained, "which the English Premier says he labors to uphold, then he may believe that Germany will never of her own free hand deliver to the Russians the territory between the Baltic and the Volhynian swamps which was freed by her and her allies, no matter whether peopled by Poles, Lithuanians, Balts or Livonians." The peace of the world, he held, must be assured by giving all the various nationalities the chance of free development along the lines of racial characteristics. The report that at the end of the war Germany would "rush against the American continent," he described as "the silliest of all imputations invented against us. We fight for our existence and our future, for Germany and for no foot of foreign soil." The object of Germany's enemies, he said, was to destroy a united, free Germany, to weaken it and make it a prey to the domination of its neighbors, "Europe's scapegoat."

Of equal importance were the positive statements of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, von Jagow, as reported by a correspondent of the Associated Press. The story that Germany was planning to invade the American continent to demand the secession of Canada he characterized as utterly senseless. He then proceeded to say:

Equally ridiculous, though unfortunately this phase has a serious side, are rumors which I understand are current here and there in the United States, that Germany after the war will take revenge on the United States by pursuing an anti-American policy. It is even reported to me that some apprehensive souls in America foresee from victorious Germany an attempt to break down the Monroe Doctrine, plant its flag in South or Central America, or even a design to leap upon the United States and crush them in order to attain mastery of both continents.

All such rumors, "set afloat from time to time by enemies of Germany in the evident intention of stirring feeling," he pronounced too absurd for denial, and declared that Germany, in spite of her extensive commercial interests, has given the United States a free hand in the Mexican crisis. He claimed that at times the attitude of the Washington Government has appeared somewhat forced. "We even think," he said, "that there might have been a basis for the stories about an understanding of some sort between Washington and the Allies." Yet, whatever jingoism in both countries might say, there was no thought of "taking revenge" in the mind of any responsible German official. "The permanent interests of Germany nowhere run counter to those of the United States. On the contrary they everywhere require the United States and Germany to be friends. For this reason reports attributing to the German Government an intention of pursuing an anti-American policy after the war are absurd."

Great Britain.—New light has been thrown on the condition of British finances by a recent address of the

editor of the *Statist*, Sir George Paish. In the first eight months of the war the expenditure was \$2,985,000,000; in the last twelve months, \$7,000,000,000; in the coming year the expenditure will reach the vast sum of \$9,775,000,000. For the first twenty months of war the expenses were about \$10,000,000,000; of this \$1,650,000,000 was raised by taxation and \$8,510,000,000 by loan. In the next fiscal year the revenue will probably amount to \$1,650,000,000; there will be a deficit necessitating a loan of \$8,125,000,000. Before the war the national income was \$12,000,000,000, and the accumulated wealth was \$85,000,000,000. Besides the wealth at home, \$20,000,000,000 had been put into foreign investments. According to Paish the nation's income had risen since the war began from about \$12,000,000,000 to some \$15,000,000,000. Meanwhile the national debt is growing. Before the outbreak of hostilities it was \$3,535,000,000; at the end of March, 1915, \$6,640,000,000; at the end of March, 1916, \$12,000,000,000. If the war continues another year the total debt will be about \$20,000,000,000. In this connection it is interesting to note that, despite the call for economy in expenditure, the consumption of tobacco increased enormously during the year 1915. In 1914, 110,983,215 pounds were used; in 1915, 116,580,700 pounds, an increase of 5,597,485 pounds exclusive of the tobacco supplied "duty free" to the trenches, military hospitals, etc.

Ireland.—The Assizes have demonstrated that Ireland is probably the most crimeless country in the world. Almost everywhere the judges were presented with white

A Crimeless Country

gloves, the traditional symbol of a crimeless circuit. Only in one or two instances were the gloves withheld and that for cases of a trivial nature. "The criminal calendar of the country," says *The Weekly Freeman*, "is practically empty." This freedom from crime at a time of intense political excitement is an extraordinary fact in itself; yet it is no unusual phenomenon in Ireland. In view of this remarkable situation, *The Weekly Freeman* expresses the belief that the country is over-policed. Ireland swarms with "Inspectors-General," "County Inspectors," "District Inspectors," "Superintendents," etc., and policemen. In the "Royal Irish Constabulary" there are 11,000 men, and in the "Dublin Police" there are over 1,000, to keep an eye on crime in a crimeless country. The force could be easily reduced and thus decrease the burden of an over-taxed people.

In a thoughtful article, "Ireland Waiting," written for *New Ireland*, Mr. J. Cleric Sheridan expresses the belief that at the end of the war a resolute Ireland with a reasonable and well-considered plan can have all she wants for the taking, but it should be as far as possible a plan formed and matured at an Irish national conference. He thus presents the four constituent parts of his plan: (1)

The purpose and determination to have self-government. (2) Readiness to do or to concede everything reasonable to win northeast Ulster and so have a united Ireland. (3) If northeast Ulster refuses to be reconciled, determination to go on without her, but leaving an open door for her entry when she chooses. (4) Resolution to have fiscal independence as the essential part of self-government. The writer adds that there can be no claim for fiscal independence unless the nation is resolved to pay its own way, and he maintains that the revenues of Ireland are ample, if well used, for all the requirements of good and progressive government.

Mexico.—Religious conditions were never more chaotic than they are at present. Persecution is violent and persistent. No respect is shown to God, religion or the instruments of religion. A recent issue of *Democrata* contains a new and oppressive decree regulating

Religious Conditions

"the conduct of Catholic priests" in the State of Hidalgo. The document is like all the others issued by the bandit-chiefs, impudent, tyrannical and entirely destructive of all liberty of worship. The Sacraments are still mocked publicly, Sisters and priests are still sent into exile, church furniture, sacristies and even churches are undergoing destruction.

A short time since the following words were ceremoniously pronounced over a child, in Mexquiahala de Juarez: "I baptize thee in the name of the august Mexican trinity, Michael Hidalgo y Castillo, Joseph Mary Morelos, and the blessed apostle, Benito Juarez. . . ." Forty exiled nuns arrived in New York on Tuesday, April 4; they had been driven from Mexico by Carranza, as "dangerous to the State." They have made interesting affidavits which will be published as occasion demands. The *Arizona Daily Star* of March 28 relates that the priests expelled from Sonora are beginning to arrive at Tucson in a penniless condition. The paper says in part:

Neither of the priests will talk of their experiences in Mexico, for they do not wish to say anything that will endanger the lives of hundreds of others of their co-religionists who have not yet reached the border. It is stated that the order of expulsion is sweeping and that all churches are being closed and the priests deported. The priest at the altar was ordered to leave, come to Tucson overland, and the church was turned into a public library. The church at Hermosillo is said to have been turned into a public school. . . .

It is reported that the exodus is just starting, and that it will be several months before the edict can be enforced in Tepic, Sinaloa and other States further south.

There are numerous priests at Nogales, but the arrivals Saturday and yesterday were the first in Tucson. Tucson Catholics, under the leadership of Bishop Granjon, are prepared to take care of all who arrive, and they will not be allowed to want on account of exile from the country where they have lived for so many years.

The last calendar of the Presbyterian church, Englewood, New Jersey, contains this item about this matter:

One of our workers, Dr. Robert McLean, is in the thick of things on the national border with Mexico. He says: "No one not on the spot can form an adequate idea of conditions in Mexico. The men are fighting like demons, and the women and children are practically homeless and suffering intensely. The man has not yet appeared who can bring order out of the war-torn chaos. I see priests, friars and nuns hurrying across the border. . . ."

Merida was recently *en fête*, to celebrate the victory of Carranza. The Cathedral was thrown open for the first time in many months and impious harangues were delivered from the pulpit; statues were burned and the sacristy of the "Third Order," a noted church in the city, was demolished. The following extract from a letter written in Merida shows the anguish of soul suffered by the better class of people:

Yesterday, in the hall of the "Third Order," they finished burning the statues of the Saints, and they are now destroying the sacristy of the aforesaid church. This demon (Alvarado) is more than a tyrant, and is striving to starve us to death. The accursed "Regulatory Law" is building up a vicious monopoly. Is it possible that nothing can be done for us?

Recently *Our Sunday Visitor* published a letter written from Guadalajara by an American Protestant lady to her brother, who resides in Huntington, Indiana. Some citations follow:

But all else as to abuse, horrible mistreatment, persecution of priests and nuns, the looting of schools, monasteries, churches, cathedrals, archbishops' palaces, priests' domiciles, the destruction of buildings, outrages of a most dastardly character, he [the Editor of *Our Sunday Visitor*] will find to have been facts in every city since April 1, 1915, the date of the beginning of Obregon's victories for Carranza. . . . Take any history of Mexico and learn of the centuries-old magnificent Guadalajara Cathedral, improved, of course, from time to time. Well, it is now a comparatively dilapidated ruin that will require years to restore. High, splendid iron fence torn away, seats torn out, elegant tiled floors torn up and thrown away to enable digging to be done, in search of treasures! The same diabolical treatment was served the Archbishop's palace across the way. There are eighty-five churches in Guadalajara, and on one pretext or another, each one of them has been subjected to this kind of abuse. Some have been ordered abandoned and destroyed; others have been reduced in size. You will call to mind the location of Boyd and Smith's American grocery store, and right opposite a very large, costly church. To reach supposed treasures, that part of the church containing the altar, a much higher structure than any in Huntington, was ordered torn down, and the work has been done. . . . You will also remember the two old churches between which San Francisco Street passes . . . structures of ancient architecture, grand old buildings, toward whose preservation most men of whatever religion would gladly contribute . . . These buildings were also ordered destroyed, but have stood the storm. Women of the congregation, reinforced by thousands from all over the city, occupied streets in all directions, . . . the day the soldiers appeared to begin the destruction. The women stood firm, wouldn't give an inch. The result was that as the soldiers could not get within 500 feet of the churches, they withdrew . . . There are instances of this kind all over the city, but I do not know the names of parishes and churches. . . .

Such is the work of Carranza, protector of religious liberty. Meantime, disease and famine are doing deadly work. On March 28, there were serious food riots in Torreón. Nearly 1,000 women and children participated. There was general looting; soldiers were ordered to fire on the mob, but refused. Shortly after this incident became known in the United States, the wires thrilled with the message that the merciful Carranza would grant bonuses to the poor. Each bonus will probably be a bullet, but then something must be printed to offset a bad impression and to show "how well the Mexican bandits are managing a difficult situation."

The pursuit of Villa has become a real fox hunt. According to actual count the fox has been surrounded nine times, killed twice, and wounded once after his first death. The situation of our

The Fox Hunt troops, now cut off from the United States by a well-equipped army of Mexicans, is critical in the extreme. Speculations on the possible outcome give rise to unpleasant thoughts. There is at present much perplexity in the popular mind about the real object for which the American troops were sent into Mexico. In his letter to the American people, President Wilson said: "An adequate force will be sent at once in pursuit of Villa, with the single object of capturing him and putting a stop to his forays." The official orders sent to General Funston declare: "These troops will be withdrawn to American territory as soon as the *de facto* government of Mexico is able to relieve them of this work. In any event, the work of these troops will be regarded as finished as soon as Villa's band or bands are known to be broken up."

Spain.—Some time ago Reuter's Agency announced riots in Madrid. The statement proved afterwards to be unfounded. But there have been serious labor troubles at Barcelona and recently the agitation has shifted to what is known as the "Levant" or "Eastern

Riots Coast." A food and wage problem faces the people and the authorities alike. The inhabitants of the district are naturally orderly and law-abiding, but they have been misled by paid agitators who see no other way to spread their anarchistic doctrines than by driving the people to extremes in their demands for redress of their just grievances. The storm-center was La Union, famous for its lead and copper mines, and only three miles distant from the historic town of Cartagena. An excited but, it must be said, a hungry and poorly paid mob stormed the provision and grain stores, and attacked the soldiers, who at last were ordered to fire. Seven persons were killed and over thirty wounded. The riot smouldered for a few days. The Captain-General of the district was finally chosen as arbiter to settle the differences between the employers and their workmen and his decision was accepted. But the labor conditions are far from satisfactory and the food and wage problem is decidedly alarming.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

An Irish Centenary

ON Good Friday, April 12, one hundred years ago, Charles Gavan Duffy, journalist, statesman and patriot, was born in the town of Monaghan, Ireland. On February 9, 1903, he died in France, at the age of eighty-seven.

We, who live in a free land, may well honor the memory of one whose whole life was inspired by ceaseless devotion to the cause of liberty, and to the freedom of his oppressed countrymen. The active animosity of the Orangemen toward his coreligionists, which he saw as a child, greatly influenced him in choosing his subsequent career. Born in Ulster, and in penal days, he could not but array himself on the side of the oppressed, who, he said, "learned their wrongs early."

On the religious side, he knew that the success of Catholic Emancipation, the great political movement of the day in Ireland, meant the freedom of his race from the domination of Orange ascendancy. On the national side, he felt all that love of country natural to one in whose veins flowed the blood of the O'Duffys of Monaghan, and of those chiefs of Oriel and Truagh, McMahon and McKenna, leaders of the "Old Irish," who had never acknowledged the invaders' claims to their territories. It was logical that Gavan Duffy should embark on a career through which his ideas for his countrymen's welfare could best be advanced.

His first experience after his school days was in the office of the *Northern Herald* of Monaghan. At the age of twenty he made his way to Dublin, and after an apprenticeship in journalism of three years, he went to Belfast to become the editor of the newly-founded *Vindicator*, and was henceforth "called on to exercise authority instead of obeying it." All his spare time was spent in supplementing by lectures at Belfast College the rather fragmentary schooling of his early youth.

Among the Presbyterians of Ulster he found a group of men who, in spite of carefully-fostered religious prejudices, had a common source of interest with their Catholic neighbors in their love of Ireland and of the Celtic tongue and tradition. Encouraged by this fact, Duffy endeavored from the beginning of his editorship, through writing and argument, to bring together all who wished to advance the prosperity and liberty of Ireland. His interest in politics led him to the only profession which would help him to further such an aim. He determined to become a barrister. In Dublin for his first term, he met some young men with whom he was destined to be associated in the production of the *Nation*, a paper the plan of which had long been in his mind. He became its proprietor and editor.

O'Connell, the Liberator, had already won emancipation for Catholics and was the idol of the people. Fol-

lowing his lead, the youthful staff of the *Nation* made that journal's avowed object Repeal of the Union. From the start the *Nation* was a success, and its sentiments found approval in the hearts of a vast majority of the Irish, whose condition was desperate but whose religion bade them hope. Education had been denied for centuries to Catholic Ireland. The people might not learn their history or raise themselves by knowledge from a condition of serfdom. They, who had been the light-bearers to Western Europe, were compelled to live in the gloom of enforced illiteracy. The printed page being withheld from them, tradition alone was their guide. Around the turf fires of the "immemorial, holy land," the legends, the sorrows, and the glories of the race were recounted from generation to generation.

In the glowing pages of the *Nation* the people's hope found expression.

Davis, in song and essay, made known his idea of an historic nationality. John Dillon perpetually emphasized the impossible condition under which the peasantry lived. Gavan Duffy advocated the necessity of education for the people; that they should have an accurate knowledge of their history, their literature, their arts; and that they should know the resources and possibilities of their nation. The almost complete wreck of civilization, so far as the Irish in Ireland were concerned, had made a constructive policy of prime necessity. This the editors of the *Nation* keenly realized. Their success in reviving national spirit, and the enormous gatherings which had rallied to O'Connell's Repeal Movement so alarmed the Government that, in 1844, O'Connell and a number of his followers, including Gavan Duffy, were tried for sedition by a packed jury in Dublin, and condemned to imprisonment. Three months later they were released, the judicial members of the House of Lords determining that they had not been legally convicted.

A difference of opinion as to methods began to separate O'Connell and the Young Ireland Party. O'Connell, who had been considered well-nigh infallible by the people, felt deeply the setback which his arrest and imprisonment gave the movement of which he was the head. His intellectual vigor was beginning to be impaired by age, and he naturally, but unfortunately, became greatly dependent on the unsound advice of his son. Finally, his disbelief in the more active methods of the younger generation of Irishmen made a break inevitable, so the old and the new schools drifted apart.

But the Liberator's influence remained long in the minds of the people, and loyalty to his memory prevented their giving to the younger leaders that whole-hearted devotion which might have achieved freedom for Ireland, the common end all had in view. Gavan Duffy and his friends were thus deprived of the power which acknowledged national leadership would have given them.

The Young Ireland paper had suffered a staggering blow by the death and illness of some of its original con-

tributors; but Gavan Duffy, who, as editor, had brought together the most diverse elements, and who was the confidant and adviser of all connected with the patriotic movement, remained undaunted. He found new and able contributors, and a second Young Ireland Party continued to represent national aspirations.

At this time a fearful calamity fell upon Ireland; and the famine, foreseen but unprovided for, came, bringing in its wake fever and pestilence. For a time political conflicts were eclipsed by this disaster, but not for long. Revolution was in the air. A republic had been proclaimed in France, and Italy was seething with rebellion. The moment seemed propitious for urging Irish claims to freedom. Conditions in Ireland were intolerable. Free speech was banned. In the face of this, protests were made, but then the treason-felony act was brought into operation, which suppressed freedom of speech and liberty of the press in controversies on the Irish question.

Gavan Duffy felt it was his duty to protest anew, and did so in a long well-considered article called "The Creed of the Nation." He, with others, was arrested, became again a political prisoner and was tried for his life; but the Government failed to obtain a conviction, and for the second time he escaped. His friend, Thomas Carlyle, wrote him that he was "a Providential Man saved by Heaven for doing a man's work yet."

Land settlement was then, as it was for thirty years after, the most pressing problem in Ireland, and the *Nation* urged a land reform which would give security of tenure to the peasants. Duffy used this land issue to form a union between the Catholics of Ireland and the Presbyterians of the North, who had substantially the same grievance; and he founded the League of the North and South. Upon this issue he entered the British Parliament. Dissensions came and ruined the League and the independent Irish party, which, under Gavan Duffy's leadership, had appeared for the first time in the British Parliament. It seemed to Gavan Duffy as though his life work had gone for naught. He resigned his seat in Parliament and resolved to make a career for himself in some land more hopeful than his country which still lay in the shadow of the famine.

Falling in with the views of his friend, Edward Whitty, he went to Australia, where at once a career opened out to him which led him from one conspicuous success to another until he became Prime Minister. He, who seemed to have failed in Ireland, proved in free Australia his fitness to hold the highest office of State. The Irishman, Catholic and Felon, that type which could neither rule nor be ruled, the English said, proved himself to be the ablest administrator Australia had ever had. Having shown what was possible to an Irishman when free to advance, having proved his thesis, he deliberately answered the call of Ireland. He left the new country where he had gained success and honor, he left his friends and the family he had established there, and, returning to Europe, devoted himself to a labor which

he had always in his mind, the fostering of an Irish culture. He founded the Irish Literary Society in London, and he initiated the New Ireland Library containing a series of books valuable to Irish people. His own literary work is voluminous; but to know him, the times he lived in, and the men he knew, one must read "Four Years of Irish History," "Young Ireland," and "My Life in Two Hemispheres," those complete and vivid records in which are enshrined the memory of an epoch and the fame of those great and faithful spirits whose utterance is so justly called "The Voice of the Nation."

THOMAS HUGHES KELLY.

The Boys of Our City

THE boys of our city are in grave danger. Lurking in the highways and byways of the city are evils and temptations which are growing in proportions and threatening to undermine and destroy the morals and faith of our young men. These boys, especially those of the poor and so-called middle classes, must struggle for place and existence in the great work-a-day life. When their day's labor is over they naturally seek recreation and, being without sufficient means to pay the cost of diversion in the safer places of amusement, they seek relaxation in places which they can afford to patronize.

They leave their homes of an evening and drift to the nearest street corner. And what a breeder of petty crimes, filth and immorality these corners are. Here they are thrown into contact with those agents of the devil, bad companions, who are well placed by their crafty master to accomplish the ruin of the innocent. Beginning with mischief, egged on by their vicious leaders, the boys often end in crime. Thus is taken the first step in their downfall.

The pool-room, too, is a favorite gathering-place. The danger of these rooms cannot be exaggerated; for they are the very incubators of impurity and crime. These places are frequently the rendezvous of those soulless rippers who sustain themselves in sensual comfort by the illicit earnings of the fallen woman. They ply their trade largely in these pool-rooms and lure to destruction the victims coming into their clutches. Gambling, too, petty and otherwise, which is the bane of so many a boy's existence, flourishes here. In these places young men are taught how to recoup their losses and to satisfy their lust for the game by theft and embezzlement. Conversation is indecent and leads, Heaven knows where. Thus morals are ruined.

The concert hall, as we knew it, is no more; but a worthy successor to it has been found in the burlesque theater. These low-class houses offer each week plays reeking with immorality. Their chief attractions are coarse women in scanty garb, and coarse acting made up of suggestive situations and stories. More than half of the audience attending these iniquitous performances are boys under twenty-one years of age; a goodly num-

ber of these are not eighteen years old. Stand at the entrance of one of these houses after the play and you will be appalled at the number of youngsters still in knickerbockers pouring out of the gallery exits. For ten or fifteen cents these boys witness enough iniquity in a few hours to destroy an army of hardened souls, to say nothing of the weak soul of youth. The disaster wrought by these indecent plays cannot be fully appreciated. Add to all these dangers, improper surroundings at home, poor economic conditions, etc., and some idea of the boys' difficulties may be had. Besides the dangers which threaten to destroy the morals of the boy, there are other agencies which menace the salvation of his soul by luring him from his holy Faith.

The Y. M. C. A. is chief among these. Tempted by low dues and the athletic features, many of our boys enroll themselves as members in this Association. That associations of this kind are anti-Catholic in spirit is now beyond doubt. It may be that it is not the avowed intention of the Y. M. C. A. to undermine the faith of its Catholic members, but intentions cannot alter effects. The fact is that the atmosphere is not Catholic, and that unobtrusive proselyting is undertaken through social sessions and lecture courses. Furthermore, this is done very carefully so as not to offend, and here lies the danger, for when the boy is off his guard, the seed of unbelief takes ready root in his heart.

It may be argued that our boys should be well enough versed in their religion to counteract any influence that these agencies may exert. The sad fact is, though, that most of them are not well enough grounded in the principles of the Faith to recognize heresy when it is preached, and even if they were, who of them is skilful enough to play constantly with fire without being burnt?

Besides the Y. M. C. A., there are in our city two social organizations promoted by local Episcopalian congregations, which appeal directly to the young man of limited means. While accurate figures are not available, it is a well-known fact that a great number, if not a majority, of the members of these two societies are Catholics. Made attractive by pleasant surroundings and interesting social events, these clubs exert their insidious influence over the Catholic members. Non-Catholic environment induces easy toleration of the Protestant religion; out of this grows indifference and from that springs sympathy for the doctrines preached by non-Catholics. Moreover, informal dances and other functions which are so attractive to the young man bring him in close association with non-Catholic girls and this leads frequently to courtship and mixed marriages. We need not dwell upon the danger of the mixed marriage, for the Church through bitter experience knows well that the marriage of a man with a woman not of the Catholic Faith generally marks the departure of that man from the Church.

That these difficulties present a serious problem and that great evils are menacing the future welfare of a

great number of our boys is apparent to him who will but open his mind to the seriousness of the situation. Something must be done to counteract these bad influences; earnest and prompt action must be taken to combat these forces for evil. But what shall be done to accomplish practical results? In Cincinnati several movements have been launched which promise to go a long way toward leading the boy from waywardness and removing the dangers threatening to rob him of his faith.

For the younger boy, whose age brings him within the jurisdiction of the juvenile court, there has been formed a volunteer probation officers' association. Two representatives from each parish have been invited to affiliate themselves with the association; the plan being to have the officers in each parish take care of the cases arising in their parish. The probation officer is more than a mere court officer, and when a case is placed in his hands it is his duty to take charge of the boy, not as a policeman, but as a helpmate to guide the boy's faltering footsteps until he acquires sufficient moral strength to blaze his own path of virtue through life.

There is also in Cincinnati an institution known as the "Boys' Home of Cincinnati," which was founded in the year 1885 by Miss Margaret McCabe. A short time ago the Home was taken over by the diocese and is now conducted by a board of directors under the supervision of the Archbishop. The Home receives boys from the ages of fourteen to twenty, and its object is to protect, educate and shelter newsboys, working boys and homeless boys generally. The scope of the institution can best be exemplified by quoting from the statement of the board of trustees:

Every one must realize only too well the temptations that surround boys in a large city, and it is our aim to protect these waifs, to educate and assist them, in order that they may occupy positions of honor and trust in later life. They are our brethren in the Faith, poor, helpless little ones thrown upon the mercy of a cold world, oftentimes by unnatural parents, and if we fail to rescue them, perhaps they will wander upon the road that leads to destruction.

The Home cares for about fifty boys, who are accepted at the discretion of the board of trustees.

There is another splendid institution for homeless boys over seventeen years old. This is called the Fenwick Club. It was established by a group of zealous Catholic men to supply an abode for such boys. The Fenwick Club is not a charitable organization, but supplies room and board to worthy boys at the lowest possible rates, which range from about \$4.00 to \$7.00 per week, making it possible for worthy, industrious boys to get a good home amid wholesome Catholic surroundings. While there is nothing of the institutional air about the Club to make its inmates feel that they are in a boarding-school, yet there is a chaplain in charge of the building, who carefully watches over the boys and guides them aright. Entertainments are provided and the house made as cheerful and homelike as possible so that the boys are

induced to spend their evenings at home instead of away in the resorts of vice. At the present time the Home can lodge only about fifty boys, but there will be no cessation of the efforts of those behind the movement, until adequate facilities to care for all who are worthy are provided. The undertaking is not easy, but we feel that the people of Cincinnati must sooner or later appreciate what the Fenwick Club means to the boys of Cincinnati. Then they will give it their unstinted aid and support.

Steps have also been taken to meet the problem presented by the Y. M. C. A., and the sectarian parish clubs mentioned above. About eight years ago a group of young men, headed by a Franciscan Father, organized the "Friar Gymnasium." Humble in its beginning the Friars gradually flourished, until today the club claims over three hundred members and boasts of a gymnasium, swimming pool and social rooms second to none in the city. The Friars is not a parish club, but is an independent organization open to all Catholic boys of the city. Its dues are moderate and within the means of every boy who works. It is the ambition of the Friars to inaugurate lecture courses and eventually evening classes so that there will be absolutely no reason for Catholic boys joining anti-Catholic associations.

All these movements are virtually in their infancy, but each is noble and commendable. Their scope, however, must become broader, and more must be done to wage a winning war for the boys. To accomplish this, though, great financial support is needed. Here, indeed, is a wonderful field for Catholic charity, for what more meritorious act could a person perform than to write his name in the hearts of the boys by assisting to save their immortal souls? For some reason, however, many Catholics who could give assistance have not yet opened their eyes to the dangers that surround our boys. The leaders of these various activities, however, imbued with the fervent desire to promote the Catholic cause will continue to struggle with the problem untiringly and patiently until, by the grace of God, they receive the necessary aid to put every boy out of danger.

Cincinnati.

ALFRED T. GEISLER.

The Age and Stage of Shakespeare

THE drama of Shakespeare's time is a child of the Middle Ages and also of the Renaissance; it is eloquent of an old England and of a new. Everywhere, but notably in the works of Shakespeare himself, we find the essential ideas, the underlying criticism of life, medieval in the best sense; Shakespeare is Christian and Catholic, though sometimes only negatively or inferentially so. But the themes, the types of character, the fine analysis, the brilliant garb of Elizabethan drama, are sprung of the classic and pagan, or semi-pagan, revival. In another way, too, the drama speaks to us of the clashing forces of that fervid sixteenth century. Whether Catholic or

pagan, medieval or classical, it found itself confronted with the bitter hostility of Puritanism.

England had come late into the stream of the Renaissance. Italy, France, the Rhineland, had been before her. Towards the printed books and manuscripts, the scholarship, the refinements of those countries, educated and patriotic Englishmen looked with envy during the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward and Mary, and were eager to make good the national deficiencies by imitation of classic and modern models. It is not surprising that one of the most remarkable developments of the period was the school drama. At first cultivated chiefly for scholastic purposes, it gradually developed, especially in the universities, into a varied and elaborate entertainment. Sometimes ancient Latin or Greek plays were given,— "Seneca cannot be too heavy or Plautus too light," said Polonius of these efforts; sometimes modern plays appeared in Latin; sometimes there were vernacular pieces which usually strove hard to copy antique models. The artists and patrons of these plays regarded the theater of the rude populace with much contempt, nor did they relax this attitude even when a Ben Jonson and a Shakespeare lent luster to the opposite camp.

At the court of sovereigns who, like the Tudors, were familiar with classical lore, theatrical entertainments naturally borrowed much of their substance from the wits of the universities. But more and more did the glamor of material splendors eclipse the abstract charms of Seneca and Plautus, and the crowded brilliancy of the masque displace the tirades of tragedy and the repartee of comedy. "Their shoes were azure and gold, set with rubies and diamonds." Such an item, torn from the account of a Twelfth-Night masque given before James I, sufficiently helps the imagination to picture what the total gorgeousness of these court-pageants must have been.

Among the masses the taste for stage-plays was no less marked than among their cultured superiors. But the surroundings amid which it was gratified were as different as possible from anything academic or courtly. In the popular theaters the rude simplicity of medieval manner remained, with an added note of dishonor. The crude horrors and exuberant rhetoric of Senecan tragedy came indeed into circulation, but hardly did any classical refinement slip in among the traditions of the miracle, mystery and morality plays, with their abundant comicalities. The performers were legally outcasts, ranked with common vagabonds, liable to be whipped from parish to parish. Their booths were not tolerated within city-walls, sober burgesses and women who valued their reputation kept aloof from their doors. No female appeared on the stage; if a respectable woman, drawn by irresistible curiosity, ventured into the gallery, she wore a mask. Under the hot sun or the pelting rain, the open pit seems to have presented an extraordinary spectacle of foulness and disorder, noise and horseplay, eating and drinking, smoking, card-playing and quarreling. It was amid

such unpropitious surroundings that Jacques philosophized, Wolsey bade farewell to his greatness, and Ferdinand wooed Miranda. Usually no doubt, the entertainment was more conformable to the surroundings.

These various contrasts are piquant enough. But the stage, in all its forms alike, knew one watchful and unrelenting foe. The ban of Puritanism fell equally upon the costly revelries of the court, the Senecan mouthings of the college, the tragi-comedies dear to the multitude. The Puritans inherited the old quarrel of the Church's asceticism with the abuses of the theater, but knew nothing of the Church's discrimination and tolerance. They were gradually swelling to that pitch of intolerance and power which at last succeeded in closing all theaters on British soil (1640) as well as in sending play-loving kings, bishops and aristocrats to the block or into exile.

When Shakespeare was but an infant, the comparatively moderate Ascham had denounced plays among "the enchantment of Circe, brought out of Italie to marre men's manners in England." But this was nothing to the furious onslaughts of thirty or forty years later. "Do they not maintain bawdry, insinuate foolery, and renew the remembrance of heathen idolatry?" thundered Philip Stubbes.

Truly, if you will learn falsehood, if you will learn cozenage, if you will learn to swear, tear and blaspheme both heaven and earth, if you will learn to murder, flay, pick, steal, rob, if you will learn to deride, scoff, mock and flout, if you will learn to become proud, haughty and arrogant, and finally, if you will learn to condemn God and all His laws, to care neither for heaven nor hell, and to commit all kinds of sin and mischief, you need go to no other school; for all these good examples may you see painted before your eyes in interludes and plays.

Inspired by such preachings, the "City Fathers" of London petitioned the Privy Council in 1597 for the entire suppression of stage-plays in and around the city, alleging as just and sufficient reason the evil character of the plays, of the actors and of the audiences.

Students of Elizabethan drama are aware how largely it justifies the Puritan denunciations. Violent brutality, coarse license, extravagant passions finding vent in language and actions equally unmeasured, these are its too common characteristics. But the wonder is that side by side with these things there grew up and flourished so much that is entirely different and seemingly of a higher world. The wonder is that in the atmosphere of an Elizabethan playhouse such figures should have shone forth as Portia, Imogen, Cordelia and Miranda. The wonder is that such a rabble as constituted the bulk of the audiences could have endured the graceful word-play of "As You Like It," the poetry of "The Tempest," the psychology and ethics of the great tragedies. This is no small problem, one of the many riddles wherewith Elizabethan and, above all, Shakespearean drama continue to puzzle us.

The best attempt at a solution is that put forward by

Rümelin. There was, he insists, among the grossness of the multitude who listened, or did not listen, during the performance of a Shakespeare play a notable seasoning, a leaven of more capable and refined auditors. Thus an element of keen and competent criticism was found in the playwrights and actors, attached to opposition theaters or temporarily out of work. This class will not appear too insignificant in numbers, if we remember how each theater relied upon writers of its own, not on printed books, for its *repertoire*, and employed its own body of actors. Naturally sharp rivalry prevailed, and every nerve would be strained to compel the applause of such professional judges, for on that depended to a large extent the success of the production.

More numerous and important, however, were the scions of rank, young bloods, men about town, often petulant and turbulent, but often, too, well-educated, quick-witted, cultured. These occupied places on the stage itself, the long, narrow Elizabethan stage, projecting out among the audience; there they dominated the vulgar herd, and dominated also, to no small extent, the players themselves. Dekker, who knew them well, wrote in his "Gull's Hornbook":

On the very rushes where the comedy is to dance, yes, and under the state of Cambyes himself, must our feathered ostrich, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly because impudently, beating down the mews and hisses of the opposed rascality. . . . By spreading your body on the stage and by being a justice in the examining of plays, you shall put yourself into such true scenical authority, that your poet shall not dare to present his muse rudely before your eyes. . . . You shall disgrace him worse than by tossing him in a blanket, or giving him the bastinado in a tavern, if in the middle of his play you rise with a screwed and discontented face from your stool to be gone.

This is irony and satire; but one can gather from it the other side of the truth. These "justices" were not always ostriches or gulls or geese. They included the Southamptons and Pembrokes, great lords who would seem to have associated familiarly with mere players. They included the gifted Sidneys and Dorsets, and many a golden youth who had conned or even acted his Sophocles and his Terence in home or foreign university. Few but influential, they prided themselves on maintaining a high critical standard against vulgar misjudgments; they listened with apprehension to the long oratorical tirades and the ingenious word-snapping, followed out the psychological developments and the cunning plot-entanglements, in a word they applauded in the plays all that modern criticism values in them, and the judicious censure of such men naturally had great weight with the players.

For such an auditory, then, for a coarse mass touched with a fine leaven, were the Shakespeare plays written; and its character helps us to understand their strange blends and inequalities.

GEORGE O'NEILL,
National University, Dublin.

A Roman Holiday

NEW YORK was the center of the country's interest on Saturday evening, March 25, for a great "prize fight" was on. This was important not alone for New York, but for every town in the country. It so happened that on that night I passed through the streets of two large cities between half-past nine and eleven o'clock, and noting the crowds collected in front of the newspaper bulletin, I asked the reason for the gathering and was told with amused disdain that Willard and Moran were battling for the championship of the world at Madison Square Garden. I had known that the event was scheduled, but had forgotten the date, and foolishly thought for the moment that the crowds before the bulletins were reading the news of some great battle that was to settle the destiny of nations.

The next morning the only New York newspaper that I could get carried no European war news on the front page. In three papers, Mexico, as the climax of interest, occupied the right-hand column, but the left-hand first column had *the fight*, and not any mere European battles. Only once before since hostilities began, I believe, has the war news been pushed off the front page of the papers. That was the afternoon when "The New White Hope" whipped Jack Johnson. It so happened that some rather important engagements involving the lives of a multitude of men had taken place on both lines of battle, east and west, in Europe the night before. This news was released for the afternoon editions, but who cared to know about the death of a multitude in Europe, so long as this "twenty-four round go" between *Two Big Men* was being "pulled off" in Havana? The readers of the afternoon papers were sure to be so much more interested in every detail of the twenty-four rounds than in any mere human sacrifices for duty and principle, that editors gave them what they wanted and pushed the war news over to the next page.

The New York contest was not quite so absorbing, because after all it was "not to a finish." Some 12,000 people, however, were ready to spend \$150,000, or was it \$200,000?—I suppose we shall not know until the ten per cent is paid to the State—to see at more or less close range this contest of strength and science. The representative men of the city were all present, the judiciary well represented, the other professions had their places, and above all "wealth and beauty" were at the ring-side. The nearer the seats to the ring the better dressed were the occupants thereof, especially the women. For days the fight had been a topic of conversation in all circles, and I fancy it would be no exaggeration to say that ten million men spent several hours on Sunday reading the very detailed account in the morning papers of the contest of the night before.

Now there are people who find fault with this and who declare that it signifies that the animal in man unfortunately comes to the surface whenever it is not re-

pressed. There are some who seem to think that man having reached a high stage of refinement, gentleness and care for others, should be above all such exhibitions of brutality. Such an exhibition, however, is apparently a most natural thing in an age of luxury. In this regard it is rather curiously interesting to note just what happened at Rome in the first and second centuries after Christ. When Rome became the capital of the civilized world and its citizens grew wealthy, a number of events occurred that are strangely anticipatory of events around us at the present time. The Romans became very much interested in art and architecture and in a certain kind of literature. They fêted litterateurs and artists and themselves lived a life of luxurious indolence. Perfumes and precious stones and fine silks were brought from the East and life became a succession of physical pleasures. The wealthy Romans usually had a villa on the sea, spent the severer months of the winter in the south of Italy, near Naples, and though citizens of Rome, lived where life would be the easiest and pleasure the readiest.

In Rome itself the men had their clubs—they called them baths—and every man who could went to his club for some exercise, massage at the hands of an attendant, a hot bath, a cool plunge, and then he was ready for his principal meal. Some of the men spent many hours each day at the club, discussing politics and other things, and "killing" time as best they could. The women had their clubs and they lionized the literary men and artists, wrote some poetry themselves, though none of it has lived, and were very much occupied with what they would have called culture, if that word had been invented at the time.

A succession of such pleasures, however, became very tame after a while and so the Romans had to have more exciting events. These were had in the amphitheater where gladiators fought with one another, and trained hunters fought with animals. There were dangers and blood and the zest of battle, and so life had some excitement in it. At first the gladiators only killed each other by accident, somewhat as happens occasionally in a prize fight, especially between "heavy-weights." After a time, however, death became almost the rule, for the audience demanded it. Nothing else would satisfy them, though refinement in the care of the body was constantly increasing at Rome at this time.

In the meantime as these exhibitions grew in popularity, art, literature and the drama declined. Art became mere imitation, while literature gradually dwindled in significance and the drama disappeared. The amphitheater eclipsed the theater, so that at the time when Rome was wealthy and refined and leisurely, and people had summer homes outside the city and sojourned in the south in winter, the theater as an intellectual institution, ceased to exist. Rome had had a native drama of considerable significance about two centuries before Christ when the city was little better than a collection of huts. Once wealth and refinement and luxury came,

then all theatrical performances that caused people to think, disappeared.

In the midst of this refinement physical interests were more and more cultivated. After a time the gladiatorial fights did not furnish enough thrills, and so the Emperors during the persecution satisfied the appetite of the Romans for blood by causing the Christians to be thrown to the lions. It was the wealthy, refined, educated, bathing Romans who flocked to see the Christians die, but keenly regretted that they made no resistance, for then it would have been more exciting. Seats in the boxes closest to the ring-side doubtless cost at least as much as in Madison Square Garden. The Imperial box, apparently for safety sake, was at a considerable distance, but according to a well-known tradition Nero possessed some sort of contrivance made of crystal by which the contestants were brought very close to him. So popular did these forms of amusement become that whenever a politician wanted to curry favor with the Roman populace, he supplied them with food on a gala day and then paid all the expenses at the amphitheater, so that at least the ordinary citizens might be admitted free of charge.

With all this before us, it is very clear that ironic references to the *culture* represented by our best people who go to prize fights and reflected by the newspapers, which pay so much attention to these fights, and by ten million men who spend hours of a Sunday reading about them, are entirely out of place. This development of events is the most natural thing in the world. And if interest in the drama and in things intellectual generally should continue to dwindle among us, as they did at Rome, we shall repeat other phases of Roman history. We have their frequent divorces, their small families, and even their great bathing establishments, for do not our athletic clubs correspond in a very striking way to the Roman baths?

The cult of the body finally led to the disappearance of the Romans. I wonder if our "Roman holiday" has that meaning. I am quite free to confess that I do not know, but I think that it is an interesting subject for speculation.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.

Hilaire Belloc: a Little Appreciation

WHEN I first met Belloc he remarked to the friend who introduced us that he was in low spirits. His low spirits were and are more uproarious and enlivening than anybody else's high spirits. He talked into the night and left behind in it a glowing track of good things. When I have said that, I mean things that are good, and certainly not merely *bons mots*, I have said all that can be said in the most serious aspect about the man who has made the greatest fight for good things of all the men of my time.

We met behind a little Soho paper shop and a little Soho restaurant; his arms and pockets were stuffed with French Nationalist and French atheist newspapers. He wore a straw hat shading his eyes, which are like a sailor's, and emphasizing his Napoleonic chin. He was talking about King John, who, he

positively assured me, was *not*, as was often asserted, the best king that ever reigned in England. Still, there were allowances to make for him; I mean King John, not Belloc. "He had been Regent," said Belloc with forbearance, "and in all the Middle Ages there is no example of a successful Regent." I, for one, had not come provided with any successful Regents with whom to counter this generalization; and when I came to think of it, it was true. I have noticed the same thing about many other sweeping statements coming from the same source.

The little restaurant to which we went had already become a haunt for three or four of us who held strong but unfashionable views about the South African War which was then in its earliest prestige. Many of us were writing on the *Speaker*, edited by Mr. J. L. Hammond with an independence of idealism to which I shall always think that we owe much of the cleaner political criticism of today; and Belloc himself was writing in it studies of what proved to be the most baffling irony. To understand how his Latin mastery, especially of historic and foreign things, made him a leader, it is necessary to appreciate something of the peculiar position of that isolated group of "pro-Boers." We were a minority in a minority. Those who honestly disapproved of the Transvaal adventure were few in England; but even of those few a great number, probably the majority, opposed it for reasons not only different but almost contrary from ours. Many were pacifists, most were Cobdenites; the wisest were healthy but hazy Liberals who rightly felt the tradition of Gladstone to be a safer thing than the opportunism of the Liberal Imperialist. But we might, in one very real sense, be rightly described as pro-Boers. That is, we were much more insistent that the Boers were right in fighting than that the English were wrong in fighting. We disliked cosmopolitan peace almost as much as cosmopolitan war; and it was hard to say whether we despised more those who praised war for the gain of money, or those who blamed war for the loss of it. Not a few men then young were already predisposed to this attitude; Mr. F. Y. Eccles, a French scholar and critic of an authority perhaps too fine for fame, was in possession of the whole classical case against this sort of piratical imperialism; Mr. Hammond himself, with a careful magnanimity, always attacked imperialism as a false religion and not merely as a conscious fraud; and I myself had my own hobby of the romance of small things, including small commonwealths. But to all these Belloc entered like a man armed, and as a clang of iron. He brought with him news from the fronts of history; that French arts could again be rescued by French arms; that cynical imperialism not only should be fought, but could be fought and was being fought; that the street fighting which was for me a fairy-tale of the future was for him a fact of the past. There were many other uses of his genius, but I am speaking of this first effect of it upon our instinctive and sometimes groping ideals. What he brought into our dream was this Roman appetite for reality and for reason in action, and when he came through the doorway there entered with him the smell of danger.

There was in him another element of importance which clarified itself in this crisis. It was no small part of the irony in the man that different things strove against each other in him; and these not merely in the common human sense of good against evil, but one good thing against another. The unique attitude of the little group was summed up in him supremely in this; that he did and does humanly and heartily love England, not as a duty, but as a pleasure and almost as an indulgence; but that he hated as heartily what England was trying to become. Out of this appeared in his poetry a sort of fierce doubt or double-mindedness which cannot exist in vague or homogeneous Englishmen; something that occasionally amounted to a mixture of loving and loathing. It is marked, for instance, in the fine break in the middle of the happy song of *camaraderie* called "To the Balliol Men Still in South Africa."

I have said it before, and I say it again,
There was treason done and a false word spoken,
And England under the dregs of men,
And bribes about and a treaty broken.

It is supremely characteristic of the time that a weighty and respectable English weekly gravely offered to publish the poem if that central verse was omitted. This conflict of emotions has an even higher embodiment in that grand and mysterious poem called "The Leader," in which the ghost of the nobler militarism passes by to rebuke the lower,

And where had been the rout obscene
Was an army straight with pride,
A hundred thousand marching men,
Of squadrons twenty score,
And after them all the guns, the guns,
But She went on before.

Since that small riot of ours he may be said without exaggeration to have worked three revolutions; the first in all that was represented by his paper the *Eyewitness*, now the *New Witness* under a different editor, the repudiation of both Parliamentary parties for common and detailed corrupt practices; second, the alarum against the huge and silent approach of the servile State, using Socialists and anti-Socialists alike as its tools; and third, his recent campaign of public education in military affairs.

In all these he played the part that he had played for our little party of patriotic pro-Boers. He was a man of action in abstract things. There was supporting his audacity a great sobriety. It is in this sobriety, and perhaps in this only, that he is essentially French; that he belongs to the most individually prudent and the most collectively reckless of peoples. There is indeed a part of him that is romantic and, in a literal sense, erratic; but that is the English part. But the French people take care of the pence that the pounds may be careless of themselves. And Belloc is almost materialist in his details, that he may be what most Englishmen would call mystical, not to say monstrous, in his aim. In this he is quite in the tradition of the only country of successful revolutions. Precisely because France wishes to do wild things, the things must not be too wild. A wild Englishman like Blake or Shelley is content with dreaming them. How Latin is this combination between intellectual economy and energy can be seen by comparing Belloc with his great forerunner Cobbett, who made war on the same Whiggish wealth and secrecy and in defense of the same human dignity and domesticity. But Cobbett, being solely English, was extravagant in his language even about serious public things, and was wildly romantic even when he was merely right. But with Belloc the style is often restrained; it is the substance that is violent. There is many a paragraph of accusation he has written which might almost be called dull but for the dynamite of its meaning.

It is probable that I dealt too much with this phase of him, for it is the one in which he appears to me as something different and therefore dramatic. I have not spoken of those glorious and fantastic guide-books which are, as it were, the text-books of a whole science of erratics. In these he is borne beyond the world with those poets whom Keats conceived as supping at a celestial "Mermaid." But the "Mermaid" was English, and so was Keats. And though Hilaire Belloc may have a French name, I think that Peter Wanderwide was an Englishman!

I have said nothing of the most real thing about Belloc, his religion, because it is not within my purpose in this little appreciation, and nothing of the later attacks on him by the Newspaper Trust, because these are below my purpose. There are, of course, many other reasons for passing such matters over here, including the argument of space; but there is also a small reason of my own, which, if it is not exactly a secret, is at least a very natural ground of silence. It is that I enter-

tain a very intimate confidence that in a very little while humanity will be saying, "Who was this So-and-So with whom Belloc seems to have debated?"

G. K. CHESTERTON.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Solecisms

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The very proper protest that Doctor Charles W. Heath makes in your last issue against your reviewer's rash correction of what was already right, emboldens me to offer a further protest against two solecisms that are fast becoming habitual. The first is the use of the word "archdiocese." Now, there is no such word. A bishop rules over a diocese, so does an archbishop; and his diocese no more becomes an "archdiocese" than his miter becomes an "arch-miter" or his hat an "arch-hat." This word, I believe, was first used in 1869 by Henry Edward Manning, a prelate who is responsible for more Catholic solecisms in the English language than any one in living memory. It was he who introduced the term against which my chief objection is directed. He used to refer to himself as "Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster," which, of course, he never was. Cardinal he was and Archbishop he was, but Cardinal-Archbishop he was not, because such a thing does not and never did exist. Cardinal-bishops are a definite rank in the Sacred College, so are Cardinal-priests and Cardinal-deacons; but because a Cardinal-priest happens at the same time to be an Archbishop, it does not make him, and it is a solecism to call him, a "Cardinal-Archbishop."

It is as easy to be right as wrong, and as easy to write "Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore," which is right, as it is to talk of "His Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore," which is wrong.

Cardinal Henry Edward Manning was also responsible for the introduction into English of the term "Father" as applied to secular priests and this solecism is now so crystallized that it is hopeless to attempt to look for a return to the older and better way. It is a little odd that this has happened, for the "secular" priest, in ecclesiastical precedence, occupies a position superior to his "regular" brother, and I can remember venerable priests who insisted upon being called Mr. So-and-So, for this very reason. One might go on piling Pelion on Ossa, but may we venture to hope, Sir, that the "Cardinal-Archbishops" and the "archdioceses" will no longer mar the scholarly pages of AMERICA.

New York.

A. P. F.

[The genial, if vigorous, "A. P. F." is wrong in his belief that the word "archdiocese" was first used by Cardinal Manning in the year 1869. The expression is found on page sixty-eight of the "United States Catholic Almanac" (now "The Catholic Directory") for 1837; it also occurs frequently in the "Irish Ecclesiastical Register" for 1846. Moreover it is hardly correct to say there is no such word as "archdiocese." Not only has this expression been current well-nigh ninety years at least, but it has, and has had for some time, the sanction of official usage. For instance, it occurs continually in the Papal decrees dividing or erecting dioceses. By way of example "A. P. F." may consult the decree on page eight of the *Acta Apostolica Sedis* for January 18, 1916, also the decree *De Limitibus Archidioecesis Hydrunteriae* in the *Acta* for February 14, 1916. Some time since, "A. P. F.'s" objection against the word, "archdiocese," might have been urged with equal strength against the expression, "archbishop," to which he does not take exception. For the latter term was apparently first used by St. Athanasius in the fourth century, and it remained all but unknown in the West up to the ninth century. Just as "archbishop" gained

vogue, so too, has "archdiocese." As regards Cardinal Archbishop: Can it be that "A. P. F." of the "rollicking" style wishes AMERICA to forget that the beloved Horace sings of usage:

Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi?

Moreover, AMERICA is not addicted to the hyphenated form, Cardinal-Archbishop. The limits of space forbid discussion of the responsibility of Cardinal Manning for the introduction of "Father" as applied to secular priests.—Ed. AMERICA.]

"Four Times Three Are Twelve"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I bother you to answer a question which is causing considerable annoyance among our teachers? I shall be very grateful for your decision. Which is accurate: "Four times three is twelve," or "Four times three *are* twelve"? "Four less three is one," "Four less two is two," or "Four less two *are* two"?

Villa Maria, Pa.

S. M. C.

[Grammarians have been, and are still, so much at variance on this vexed question, and arithmeticians today, as in the past, are so much at variance in their practice in this matter, that it would be the height of rashness even to hazard anything like a certain decision on the rival claims of the singular and plural forms of the verb in expressions describing the operation of multiplication. Both expressions have the sanction of good usage and good authority. There is apparently a growing disinclination on the part of purists, formalists, and those who insist on grammatical correctness even at the sacrifice of idiom, to use anything but the plural, except where the multiplicand and minuend are the number "one." Their reluctance, however, is founded on personal prejudice rather than on any perfectly clear and decisive grammatical requirement. The usage one prefers depends largely on the theory adopted with regard to the subject of sentences like "Four times three is (are) twelve." Surprising as it may seem, Gould Brown, in his "Grammar of English Grammars," when discussing the matter, enumerates no less than seven different subjects that have been assigned by reputable grammarians to the verb in expressions that describe the operations of multiplication: (1) the multiplicand, used as an abstract noun implying unity; (2) the multiplier, i. e., the word "times"; (3) the entire expression, i. e., "four times three"; (4) the word "number," understood before the multiplicand; (5) the plural noun, "things" or "units," implied in the multiplicand, which is then regarded as a numeral adjective; (6) the product, taken substantively and implying plurality; (7) the word "things" or "units," implied in the product, which is regarded as a numeral adjective. Those who accept as correct the subject assigned in one or other of the explanations given under 1, 3, 4, will hold that the subject of the sentence is singular and that therefore the singular form of the verb is the proper one; those, on the other hand, who hold to one of the explanations given under 2, 5, 6, 7, will regard the subject as plural and employ the plural form of verb.

If the numeral alone, taken substantively, is held to be the subject, it may be regarded as a collective noun, in which case either a singular or a plural verb will be used according as the idea of a single whole or a number of individuals is more prominent in the mind of the speaker. Sixty years or more ago there was a rather general disposition to give greater prominence to the idea of a single whole, and as a consequence the singular form of verb was then more common; of late, however, there is a marked inclination to insist on the idea of plurality in the numeral which is used as the subject, and hence today the plural verb is more widely, if

not exclusively, employed by careful speakers. But the matter is still an open question. Many people nowadays interpret the sentence to mean, "Four (units or things), taken three times, are twelve," but it would be pedantry to insist that this explanation is the only logical or correct interpretation.

Arguing from analogy, it would appear that the plural is the better form. Other languages use the plural, therefore English should use the plural. The argument from analogy, however, is never by itself absolutely conclusive; and there is the obvious answer that idiom, even if illogical, is to be preferred to rule. Thus the Latin says, "*Bis bina quot essent*" (Cicero); the French, "*Deux fois deux font quatre*"; the German, "*Zweimal zwei machen vier*"; the Italian, "*Due via due fanno quattro*"; and the Spanish, "*Dos por dos son quatro*." In all of the above cases the plural and not the singular is used, although the Italian sometimes employs the singular verb. As the principle involved is the same in every language, it would seem that in English the plural form of the verb is to be preferred. It would be a mistake, however, to pronounce the use of the singular incorrect.—Ed. AMERICA.]

The Need of a Mr. Sumner

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I was much interested in the letter, "A Friend of the Cause," which appeared in AMERICA for February 26. I agree with Mr. James V. Shields, when he says that Catholics do not appreciate the work done by Mr. Anthony Comstock, nor that which his successor, Mr. Sumner, is accomplishing. Other cities are in need of a Mr. Sumner to wake up a large Catholic population. Recently as I went through the Italian colony of Utica, I noticed the kind of book-stores that Mr. Shields speaks of, and I find it hard to understand how Catholics can allow these "foreign Italians" to insult them and their religion with the obscene books they are circulating. Why do we allow these book-sellers to revile the good women in the convents? We ought to clear these stores of such rubbish. Why don't we organize for this purpose?

Utica, N. Y.

ARTHUR DURANT.

The National Board of Censors

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Communications appearing in AMERICA and the utterances of Catholics, priests, editors and laymen, prove what a very large percentage of Catholics have been duped into the belief that there exists a National Board of Censors of Moving Pictures, by law established. Investigation by myself, following the appearance in AMERICA of a valuable communication from Mr. James V. Shields of Brooklyn, convinced me, over a year ago, that the self-appointed, self-styled "National Board of Censors" is a creature of the film interests, non-Christian in personnel, and apparently without extensive knowledge of the Christian code of morals. This "Board" has taken the lead in every fight made to prevent the establishment, by law, of Federal or State censors for moving pictures. Its approval is stamped upon practically all films that outrage the feelings of Catholics. Its own boast that it passes upon ninety-five per cent of all films exhibited, of which very many are frontal attacks on Christian decency and morality, is alone sufficient to condemn it. Every available unit of Christian power should be exercised to curb the existing wide-spread film attack on everything dear to the Catholic and Christian heart. Let us cease to look to the enemy to help us, and have enough of the fighting spirit of our glorious ancestors in the Faith to rush manfully to our standard and help ourselves. Let us no longer be duped by men whose effrontery is their most conspicuous quality.

New York.

MARIUS BENOIT MURRAY.

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A M E R I C A

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In this issue is inserted the Index of AMERICA's fourteenth volume.

Just Seven!

WITH this number AMERICA modestly observes its seventh birthday, for we were born on April 17, 1909. The realization that the care-free, irresponsible years of our infancy are over and that we have now reached the age of reason is a very sobering thought. For perhaps some readers will now expect from us numerous indications of that deeper wisdom and keener discernment observable in those who have attained to years of discretion. But they will perhaps discover, to their great disappointment, that AMERICA is just as blind and obstinate as ever, persistently refusing to be "neutral" in the partisan sense in which pro-Ally or pro-German subscribers understand the term, and that the paper continues to maintain a fearless, uncompromising attitude toward every movement and every interest, that menaces public morals, threatens American liberties, or hampers the spread of Catholicism in this country.

To bring out every week a constructive, interesting, and "infallible" Catholic journal is no light task, but with the help of representative Catholic writers at home and abroad, we shall try to make each new issue of the paper, please God, better than the last, so that as a molder of Catholic opinion, as a chronicler of Catholic enterprise and as a teacher of Catholic principles, our subscribers will find the seven-year-old AMERICA more readable and indispensable than ever.

France Is Not Mad

CHILDREN are a nation's best asset: on them depends a country's greatness. If they are numerous and well-trained, their nation may look forward to a bright future, conscious that its prestige will be upheld by de-

voted sons and daughters. If on the other hand, they are few in number or ill-trained in morals their country is hastening to decay.

In view of this, the subjoined news item from one of our daily papers is bewildering, to say the least:

AMERICANS TO CARE FOR FRENCH WAR ORPHANS

PARIS, March 27.—Societies formed to care for war orphans were notified today by Miss Florence Schofield that American families have expressed willingness to care for 150,000 homeless children. Miss Schofield has just returned from the United States, where she sought homes for the little war sufferers. Professor Laird, rector of the University of Paris, will have charge of the work of parceling the children out to the various American committees.

Can it be that chivalrous France is selling her children for a mess of pottage, sending them forth from beneath her sunny skies to an alien people, strange in language and custom? Surely the soul of *la belle France* revolts at such a thought. Her children, 150,000 of them, cast from her bosom across the sea to be parceled out like animals! Never. That would be worse than the worst horror of war, and would cause the world to point the finger of scorn at a nation that would even contemplate such an action. War-torn, starving Belgium refused to part with her little orphans; France will do likewise. That she would expatriate her children, is simply incredible. To do so, would be to inflict an injury on herself worse than any made by cannon and shell. Besides the loss of prestige entailed by such an action, the blood of the country would be drained in an appalling manner. The expatriation of 150,000 of today's children would normally result in a loss of at least 200,000 in the next generation, 300,000 in the following generation and so on, so that in the fifth generation an army would be lost to the country. Then indeed France's enemy would conquer her, and that enemy would be France itself. The country would war against itself, tear out its own heart and throw it to ravening beasts. Surely France is not mad; the public prints belie her. She will clasp her children to her breast and teach them to love her sunny skies, her vine-clad hills and her honored flag.

Good Friday for Peace

AT the beginning of Lent the Holy Father addressed to his Catholic children throughout the world another of his ardent appeals for peace. With paternal solicitude he urges on the Church to unite with him in earnest efforts to effect a reconciliation among the nations that are desolating Europe with fratricidal strife. Exhortations sent to the belligerents, in which he implored them to settle their differences by pacific consultation, have failed, and as a consequence the tears of the Father of Christendom continue to flow. Sadly he realizes that the combatants are drunk with blood, so that hearing they will not hear. His sons are deaf to their Father's counsels. Only God can move their hearts.

In distress, therefore, he bids the Faithful unite in a common endeavor to appease the anger of the Lord of Hosts, and asks them to send up to Heaven a cry for mercy loud enough to drown the clamorous shock of battle. It is in the women of the world especially that the Holy Father places his hopes, in the "mothers, wives, daughters, sisters of the combatants, whose gentle souls, more truly than those of any others, feel the extent and the calamity of the present terrific war."

This incense of prayer, almsgiving, and mortification, he wishes to be continuous, but he singles out one day above all others on which it should ascend to the throne of God:

It would be greatly pleasing to Us that such families among all the combatant nations should unite in this undertaking on the day that is held sacred to the Divine sacrifice of Him who was God and Man, and who by His own suffering drew together in brotherhood all the sons of Adam; that they should, in these hours, made eternally memorable by His infinite love, beseech of Him, through the intercession of the suffering, but unconquered Mother, Queen of Martyrs, the grace to endure with fortitude and Christian resignation the anguish of loss brought about by the war, and that they should implore of His mercy the end of this long and terrible trial.

Catholics, not only in Europe but throughout the world, will not refuse to accede to the wishes of the Pope. With hearts sanctified by benefactions to the poor, and purged of wickedness by self-inflicted penance, they will unite their own sighs to the sighs of the Crucified Saviour. Gathered beneath His Cross they will hear His insistent cry for souls, and will catch the infinitely precious drops of the Sacred Blood from the bleeding Heart of the gentle Christ and offer them in sorrow to the outraged dignity of the God of Love. Then, perhaps, the blood of human hearts will cease to flow and peace will return to a war-swept world.

Dr. Flexner's "Modern School"

IF Dr. Abraham Flexner, the Assistant Secretary of Mr. John D. Rockefeller's General Education Board, has his way, the children of New York's public schools will be in danger of being made the subjects of still further pedagogical experiments. For he has lately outlined plans for a very "modern school," which that singularly powerful, though strictly private, organization he serves will doubtless have but little difficulty in testing on helpless boys and girls. Some of the plan's features are these:

Formal grammar, ancient languages, theoretical studies in modern languages, and the bulk of history and of pure mathematics in the way they are now presented are the subjects Dr. Flexner would remove from the curriculum as useless and cumbersome. Aside from reading, writing, spelling, and figuring, he writes, the curriculum would be built out of actual activities in science, industry, esthetics, civics. These studies would be forwarded with the use of "the accessible world" as a laboratory to train children "with an eye to the realities of life and existence." The features of this accessible world which a school in New York, for instance, would employ, would be

the harbor, the Metropolitan Museum, the Public Library, the Natural History Museum, the Zoological Gardens, the city government, the Weather Bureau, the transportation systems, lectures, concerts, plays. . . . Modern education will include nothing simply because tradition recommends it or because its inutility has not been conclusively established. It proceeds in precisely the opposite way: it includes nothing for which an affirmative case cannot now be made out. . . . It is evident that, while in some directions the modern school would have a fairly clear path, in others it would have to feel its way, and in all its attitude would be distinctly tentative and experimental. . . . Modern teaching, like modern medicine, should be controlled by positive indications. The schools should teach Latin and algebra, if at all, just as the intelligent physician prescribes quinine, because it serves a purpose that he knows and can state.

So we may picture the defenseless children, having been already subjected perhaps to the Gary Plan and to the Montessori System, being made in due time the *corpora vilia* of Dr. Flexner's experiments. As soon as the first session of the modern school begins, the teacher will diagnose like an "intelligent physician" the mental equipment of all her pupils. Then maybe Carlotta will be found to have had quite enough "traditional" grammar, so a visit to the Metropolitan Museum will be prescribed; Isaac is found suffering from an overdose of "traditional" history, so he is given a day at the Zoo; Michael has had a surfeit of "traditional" German, hence he goes to inspect the Weather Bureau; and Gretchen's useless enthusiasm for pure mathematics is corrected by dispatching her to the Natural History Museum. When all the victims of our time-worn system of mental discipline have thus been started on the road to recovery, the rest of the subjects in the laboratory will probably be awakened to "the realities of life and existence" by being sent to the morning papers on a feverish quest for "the accessible world," for Dr. Flexner believes that children should have "the courage not to read obsolete and uncongenial classics." Is it merely because the pupils in New York's public schools are so numerous that they are considered the natural prey of experimenters in novel pedagogical theories, or is the Rockefeller Institute reaching out for new conquests?

The American Indian

THE American Indian has had a sad history. For generations past he has been the prey of unscrupulous men who have murdered him or debauched him or robbed him or made him the victim of sectarian hatred or political bias. From a mighty host his race has been reduced to a few handfuls scattered in isolated places over the vast area of the United States. This is all that is left of numerous tribes that once possessed the land, a few men, women and children set down under surveillance in restricted districts, living witnesses to a policy that has disgraced us before the world. And the end is not yet. The poor Indian must still be made a sign of contradiction by legislators who neither under-

stand his nature nor respect his rights. To one he is a savage unworthy of the care bestowed upon him, to another he is a normal man longing for full liberty, and capable of discharging all the responsibilities of untrammelled citizenship. From these conflicting views have eventuated gross violations of natural rights on the one hand and dangerous privileges on the other.

In view of this, these words of the public-spirited Joseph H. Choate are worthy of attention:

Specific reservations have properly been set apart for Indian tribes, but for almost half a century there has been a tendency to recognize and give responsibility to the individual. The Dawes Severalty Act, adopted in 1887, was the culmination of this theory. It provides for an allotment of lands to individual Indians, breaking up of tribal relations, and disintegration of communal ownership. The principal thought in this and subsequent legislation has been to place responsibility upon the individual, and at the same time protect him in his personal and property rights until the untutored child of nature is equipped to assume full responsibility of citizenship.

The difficulty is that too much has been expected of the Indian. To some people it is hard to understand why you can't take an untutored, ignorant, full-blood Indian and make an educated citizen out of him in a fortnight. They expect the unreasonable and impossible. It is contrary to all human experience. Extremists have insisted that the process is too slow; that these wards should be released from Government supervision and suffer the results of their own improvidence, regardless of their qualifications for self-protection and regardless of the consequences to their property rights.

There is nothing new in this; it but expresses the policy that the Catholic Church has insisted on for years past. Nevertheless, now that Congress is once again debating the Indian's fate, the words are a timely warning to legislators who would throw the red man completely on his own resources. The Indian still possesses some earthly goods; he will not have them long, if guardianship fails him. History will repeat itself. Moreover, those who shout for "full liberty" for the red man that he may attain to the highest pitch of civilization, know not whereof they talk. Liberty is the full-blown flower of civilization; the latter comes first; the former follows only when man has subdued his passions, regulated his emotions, trained his intellect to discern right from wrong, cultivated his conscience, and sanctified his will so that it loves virtue and hates vice. In this consists civilization, and from this flows liberty. First civilization and then liberty, that is God's order and no legislature can change it.

A Catholic Business Man

MANY are the qualities that must combine to form the ideal Catholic business man. Seldom are they all found in their perfection in a single individual. Like the perfect knight of old, he should be a man without fear and without reproach. Faith should be the loadstone of his life. He should not in his own conceit exalt himself above others who may chance to be his

inferiors in the commercial or industrial life, nor should he sway a finger's breadth from Christian principles to gain the favor and support of men of influence. Wealth should have for him no supreme attractiveness in itself, but should be welcomed as affording possibilities of greater service in the interests of Christ, as a trust for the poor, and in stewardship for God. He should ever place above all things the Divine approval expressed in the joyful greeting of his Lord: "Well done, good and faithful servant." In spite of wealth and power, his greatest commendation at life's close should be that he was ever numbered among "the poor in spirit."

Can this ideal be realized? It certainly can, or the Church would not propose it in her teaching. Its illustration is found in the unbiased tributes lately paid to a man whose loss to his city, to its public and private institutions, to its financial and industrial interests, was declared to be greater than had ever been caused by the death of any other man identified with the city's public welfare: Patrick T. Walsh, of Davenport, Iowa. From the hardships of extreme poverty he had worked his way, by merit and perseverance, to the pinnacle of success. His service in the constructive field was eagerly sought by every great railroad in the country. His contracts amounted to millions of dollars. Before it was decided that the Government itself should undertake the building of the Panama Canal, he had presented his bid for the enterprise. The recommendations in his favor, which at the time poured in from all sides, and from men of the greatest prominence, were so remarkable that by President Roosevelt's order they were bound and sent to him with the message that, "Any man living might be justly proud of this evidence of integrity."

As a stonecutter in early life, Mr. Walsh had fought for the eight-hour day, and though he won the fight as the representative at Washington of his fellow-workmen, he lost his own place. This misfortune, however, was the beginning of his success, nor did he in his turn forget the interests of the men who worked for him, but always retained their loyalty and respect. "He could have been as rich as Pierpont Morgan," said Monsignor Ryan, "but the amassing of wealth for wealth's sake had no meaning for him. His was too noble a mind for mere money-getting. He acquired money honorably, and as such acquisition was noble, he used noble means for noble ends." The poor, the schools, the Church and countless worthy causes were the recipients of his generosity. He was fond of the little crippled children, and he considered the children of the parish as his own. Such were a few of his noble traits upon which his fellow-citizens loved to dwell when he passed away at the height of his usefulness, mourned by the entire city as well as by his own cherished family. The reason for his greatness was all summed up in the simple words, "Religion made Patrick Walsh what he was." He was proud of his Church and the Church might well take a motherly pride in him.

LITERATURE

XXIV—Cervantes

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away;
 A single laugh demolished the right arm
 Of his own country; seldom since that day
 Has Spain had heroes. While Romance could charm,
 The world gave ground before her bright array;
 And therefore have his volumes done such harm,
 That all their glory as a composition
 Was dearly purchased by his land's perdition.

These are Lord Byron's oft-quoted views, unsustained, by the way, by anything in the history of the periods anterior to or later than the appearance of "Don Quixote." In 1605 the code of chivalry was well-nigh in abeyance; the fashion of the *picaresque* had already overcome its old rival, and romance itself had taken its last refuge in the religious life and letters of the time. Cervantes himself in his "Novelas Ejemplares" had shown his hand in characteristic touches in "Rinconete y Cortadillo" and "El Coloquio de los Perros," where the contrast between the actual state of the speakers and their pompous sentiments has all the salt of his greatest work. It was timely for Cervantes or some other of his race to produce an epoch-marking work that should portray conditions obtaining in Spain for the last three centuries during which, his British lordship to the contrary, the Spanish race has produced many great figures in life and letters.

More or less self-consciously Cervantes, according to Santayana, "would have told us that the moral of 'Don Quixote' was this: that the force of idealism is wasted when it does not recognize the reality of things." And we may look upon the work as a confession of its author's own failures in public and family life; it is the half-conscious jotting, for the most part, of a dreamer caught in the whirl of actual needs and demands of life; of a leader with the desire and capacities of conquest and the fact of defeat ever before him; of a literary man helpless in spite of all his ability before his immediate conditions and problems. It is his realization that his private circumstances were of a piece with those general in Spanish society; its laughter is his own laughter at himself for his long studies of "Amadis" and "Palmarn," for the self-conscious labors he had expended on his "Galatea" and the learned and amorous princelings and shepherds of purely imaginative or Italian origin. To the end of his days he remained a romanticist at heart; we see this in the pages of his last work completed on the eve of his death, "Los Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda," which, in company with José Valdivielso, the author of the "Spiritual Romance," he declares the greatest of his works.

Today it is very hard to read these leisurely eclogues and endless discussions of the pastoral school, but at the time there seems to have been a public devoted to such literature, although indeed our old hero of Lepanto and Algiers got little save the praise of his fellow-craftsmen and the satisfaction of his own instinct in payment. His life was passed in poverty and obscurity, for all his love of romance; and only out of his sufferings have we obtained the grim humor and wisdom of the Knight of La Mancha and that voice from the very heart of Spain, Sancho Panza.

Bowles in his "Anotaciones" and Fray Martin Sarmiento have pointed out the thousands of passages in Don Quixote that should be marked in quotations: "They are very few indeed who possess the requisite means for understanding Cervantes," writes the latter; "for to do so, it is before all things necessary to read that which Cervantes gave himself so much trouble to read in order to write his Don Quixote. He frequently adopts their style and even avails himself of their verbal expressions, more especially those which may be found in the first four books of the 'Amadis de Gaul.' And as these books and those

which in course of time sprang from them are now very rare, and very few people have read them, they must be very few who can read the Don Quixote with all the spirit Cervantes threw into it."

In spite of these considerations, together with the fact of Cervantes' very poor handwriting and the publication of Don Quixote without proper revision of the text, Spain and the rest of the civilized world have paid the last honors and entered with interest and gratification into the doings of Don Quixote and his squire, and shared their glories and sorrows, their journeys and combats and affairs in bower and field, in the courting of Dulcinea del Toboso, the knavery of the innkeepers, the madness of Cardenio and the ingratitude of the galley-slaves.

The character of Sancho Panza is as remarkable as that of his master; it was a work of the supreme art of Cervantes to reduce a man of the menial class to a practical belief in the purely ideal. The wealth of Sancho's proverbial philosophy is shown to be confusion beyond guidance, in fact Cervantes' satire is directed against the predominance of the proverb as well as the ascendancy of the works of chivalry. Hence the interminable stringing of catch-phrases, not to display the author's familiarity with them but to match them against Don Quixote's more literary mania.

It has been shrewdly conjectured that the intimate relation of master and squire has been the inspiration of several later authors, notably of Dickens in his "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" where an humble servant follows an idealist master through a series of disconnected adventures. But Cervantes can claim even greater glories in English literature, for has not Walter Scott himself declared that: "But for the 'Novelas Ejemplares' of Miguel de Cervantes the Waverley Novels would never have been written"?

Cervantes was not at his happiest as a poet or dramatist; his plays have practically been lost, although the "Numancia" has had considerable praise. His lyric remains are for the most part contained in the fantastic poem, "Un Viaje del Parnaso," where

From keel to mainmast-top, O wonder rare,
 A swarm of verses formed the whole array;
 No single bit of prose did mingle there.

The flags and streamers were a sight to see,
 That waved and fluttered with the moving air
 Of varied rhymes a trifle loose and free.

On such a vessel Apollo plans to carry the Spanish poets to the heights of Parnassus, and Mercury resigns the command to Cervantes, giving him a list of the writers selected for the voyage, Quevedo, "the true son of Apollo and scourge of poetasters," being allowed the greatest praise of all the Spanish singers. In a way it is Cervantes' literary testament, for it gives us his own intent in the list of his works and the general outlay of his mind upon Spanish literature up to his death.

I cut and fashioned by my wit the dress
 With which fair "Galatea" sought the light
 And left the region of forgetfulness:

I've comedies composed, whose style of play
 To reason so conformed that on the stage
 They showed fair mingling of the grave and gay.

I've given in "Don Quixote," to assuage
 The melancholy and the coping breast,
 Pastime for every mood in every age.

I've in my novels shown a way, the best
 Whereby at last the language of Castile
 May season fiction with becoming zest.

Thus spoke "the soul-Quixote and the body-Sancho Panza" at the end of his earthly career, and Spain and all the rest of

the world have fully assented with louder and louder plaudits as the centuries have rolled along. Already three have passed and there is no visible lessening of his hold upon human thought. Death chose an eventful date, April twenty-third, 1616, to lay the great Spanish master low; within the same fortnight in England he stretched the master Shakespeare for the tomb; both masters closed an imperial age in letters and are yet without peers in the respective literatures which they may be said to have founded; there is but one Shakespeare as there is but one Cervantes.

THOMAS WALSH.

REVIEWS

History of Dogmas. Vol. III. The End of the Patristic Age (430-800). By J. TIXERONT. Translated from the Fifth French Edition by H. L. B. \$2.00; **Is Schism Lawful?** By EDWARD MAGUIRE. \$1.80; **The New Pelagianism.** By J. HERBERT WILLIAMS. \$1.00. St. Louis: B. Herder.

The last instalment of the "History of Dogmas" keeps up the high standard of excellence reached in the two preceding volumes. Solidity of doctrine, a thorough knowledge of Patristic literature, a critical perception of the exact point and status of the difficult controversies under discussion and of their historical bearing, an intimate acquaintance with the sources and the faculty of presenting a well-balanced verdict are the author's most prominent gifts. The second volume of his "History" had closed with St. Augustine's battle against Pelagianism. Here, after a general sketch of Greek theology, we get an admirable review of the historical growth of Nestorianism, Eutychianism, and Monophysitism. The Monothelite and Semi-Pelagian heresies are fully treated, while special chapters deal with the image controversy and the theology of St. John Damascene. The struggles, the trials and the final victory of the Church in her endeavor to safeguard the deposit entrusted to her are everywhere splendidly portrayed.

The subtitle to Father Maguire's book calls it a study in "ecclesiology," with a special reference to the question of schism. The author begins with an examination of historical Christianity. He then asks if the Gospel announced 2,000 years ago was only "a glad tidings" and nothing more? Did its hearers constitute a mere school or various societies? And, "if they formed societies, did these take shape as isolated and autonomous units, or was there an all-round federation, a society of all societies, a church of all churches?" Having made clear this social, ecclesiastical character of the new "tendency," the author studies it in its antecedents and completely refutes those critics who find no trace of "ecclesiasticism," no sign of the Church as an organized social unit in the personal teaching of Our Lord, of St. Paul or the Ante-Nicene Fathers. His conclusion to his own query: "Is Schism Lawful?" is naturally and necessarily an emphatic "No." For historical Christianity is a perceptive and doctrinal Revelation to all men, a deposit of Divine truths and precepts entrusted by Christ to His Apostles and their successors for the salvation of all, an inheritance and a faith to be kept unchanged.

"The New Pelagianism" is quite as shifty as the old. It is an atmosphere rather than a clean-cut set of dogmas. It is the supernatural gradually fading away into the natural, or rather the natural evicting the supernatural from its proper territory. It is the steadily growing conviction that grace is not a reality and not a necessity for the attainment of salvation. Hence the belief that salvation is easily within the reach of not too strenuously exerted natural powers; hence the gradual extinction of a firm belief in the existence of an eternal hell and the steady growth of a dangerous "quasi-Universalism" leading to the view that the great majority of men will be saved. Such seems to be the thought which has

led Mr. Williams to write his book. That the danger described by the author exists is evident. His purpose to warn us against it is every way commendable. But the subject is one of the most difficult in the whole range of theology and needs careful discrimination, a very just appreciation of the controverted issues and extensive theological knowledge. In his laudable design to combat Naturalism and Universalism, Mr. Williams goes to the other extreme and becomes something of a rigorist. He clearly exposes the severe but no longer accepted views of St. Augustine with regard to the relatively small number of the saved. He does not set forth equally well the more consoling and now generally accepted views of St. Thomas and Suarez on the same subject. Mr. Williams' general purpose and intention deserve approval. But inaccuracies of statement, vagueness in the indication of authorities, and an unnecessary rigorism impair the authority of the work.

J. C. R.

Songs of the Son of Isai: a Metrical Arrangement of the Psalms of David. By HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. \$1.50.

No attempt is here made to reproduce the original poems of the Psalter. The author has merely taken the Douai-Challoner translation of the Latin Vulgate and arranged it in poetic setting. A foreword modestly expresses the hope that these simple verses may waft to the reader a breath of the fragrance of the garden of roses in the Davidic Psalter. Much more than a breath will they waft. For the paraphrasing is done with reverence, dignity and accuracy, so far as accuracy was feasible. The substance of the thought is preserved, but the original flavor of its setting is, of course, lost. Such flavor could not withstand the ravages incidental upon the passing of the poem from Hebrew into Greek, from Greek into Latin, from Latin into the sixteenth-century English of Douai, thence into Challoner's middle-eighteenth-century English, and finally, after sundry revisions, into twentieth-century poetic diction. The marvel is that the original thought has been so substantially preserved. It is as if Shakespeare were to reach the French through the medium of a translation of a Slavic version of Schiller's "Hamlet." To illustrate this point, there follows a word-for-word and line-for-line translation of a portion of the beautiful lyric composed during the Babylonian exile of Juda (B. C. 586-536):

By Babel's streams, 'twas there we sat, yea, we wept,
While we remembered Sion;
On the poplars in the midst thereof,
We hung up our lyres.

For there our captors asked of us
Words of song;
Our spoilers, (words of) mirth:
"Sing us a song of the songs of Sion!"
How could we sing a song of Yahweh
In the land of the stranger?

And here is the author's paraphrase:

We sat by the rivers of Babylon
And our tears fell down like rain;
We wept, remembering Sion
And the far Judean plain.

We hung up our harps on the willows,
For our captors, pleasuring,
Asked for words of the songs of Sion,
And desired that we should sing.

How can we sing to strangers
Our words of praise to Thee? . . .

The Messianic interpretation of the last verses of the Psalm, indicated by *He* with a capital, is not correct. Apart

from this mistake, the Psalm is beautifully paraphrased. In fact, this American metrical Psalter is superior to that of Bishop Bagshawe. As the author is a Catholic, she should have seen to it that the publishers noted the diocesan imprimatur.

W. F. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In "Where the Path Breaks" (Century, \$1.30), Capt. Charles de Cr spigny has written a delicately beautiful story. The situation, which is the result of one of the tragedies of the war, though quite moral, is not altogether pleasing to Catholic sensibilities, nor is the mysticism quite unobjectionable, but the principal character is very attractive, and his self-sacrifice, on which the plot is built, is of a very high order, and meets in the end with the happiness it richly deserves. The development is well out of the ordinary lines, is direct, simple and strong, and is remarkable for its avoidance of the moral aberrations which so many of the modern novelists think essential to a successful story.—Eleanor Marvin portrays a very likable girl in "Mary Allen" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.25). From the day she starts from her country home to spend a year at a New York art school till success crowns her efforts in her chosen field, her career and her friendships make an interesting theme. The loneliness of the girl and her mother in the busy metropolis, the people that come into their lives there, and the arrival of "Jim" just at the proper moment, round out the action of a well-told story that should appeal to all girl readers.

"Mechanism of Discourses" (D. B. Hansen & Son, Chicago, \$1.00), by the Rev. Mark Moeslein, C.P., is a helpful book for preachers. It gives an outline of the parts of a sermon, and shows by object lessons and discussions how to fit them together so as to obtain the best results. It is these object lessons and the precious bits of sound advice that accompany them that make up the real excellence of the book. The terminology is somewhat stiff at times and even when explained is not very suggestive. One meets with such words as mannerisms, preachment, sermonize, to which present usage attaches a depreciatory sense, and there are a few instances of downright solecisms. However, no one will lay down the book without feeling better equipped for the sacred duty of preaching. Especially worthy of attention is the treatment of the subjects of "Balanced Personality," "Taste," "Scholarliness," "True Popularity," and "Egoism in the Pulpit."—The latest portion of the English Dominicans' excellent translation of the "Summa Theologica" (Benziger, \$2.00) to appear comprises "Questions XLIX-LXXXIX" which treat of habits in general and of the virtues and vices in particular. The volume will enable those unfamiliar with Latin to learn what was taught by St. Thomas Aquinas, the great Doctor of the Church, regarding the nature and effects of sin and the character and the value of the virtues.

Father Aurelius Stehle, O.S.B., has out a second, revised edition of his excellent "Manual of Episcopal Ceremonies Based on the 'C remoniale Episcoporum,' Decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, etc., and Approved Authors" (St. Vincent Archabbey Press, Beatty, Pa., \$2.25). For the benefit of lay sacristans, to whom the bishop's visit is often a source of anxiety, the author gives clear directions about what is needed for episcopal functions of all kinds, and he offers priests and seminarians a complete guide to the ceremonies to be observed when a bishop is in the sanctuary, whether the occasion be an ordinary one or when special rubrics must be observed, as in Holy Week. Pastors will find particularly useful the chapters on the bishop's visitation and on Confirmation. The general plan of the book's first edition is retained, but minor changes have been made and recent

decrees of the Congregation of Rites have been added. On a separate pamphlet are printed the ceremonies for the laying of a church's corner-stone.

"Stamboul Nights" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.25) is the title of a good collection of short stories by H. G. Dwight. Being the son of a Protestant missionary, the author was brought up in the Levant and knows his Constantinople very well. Of the fourteen tales in the volume, "The Leopard of the Sea" is the best, but "Mortmain" and "The House of the Giraffe" are almost as good and the rest are well-told and interesting.—"Behold the Woman!" (Lippincott, \$1.35) by T. Everett Harr  is a novel which the publishers modestly call "one of the rare books that are landmarks in the history of literature," and predict that it may rival "Quo Vadis" and "Ben Hur." Little likelihood of that! The author, who is afflicted with an Asiatic style, undertakes to describe the life and times of Mary of Egypt, devoting about 350 pages to Mary the sinner and some fifty to Mary the penitent. His detailed accounts of pagan lewdness and his calumnies of the clergy make the book unfit to read. The author's cant about the need of telling "in all sincerity" "how evil people were" is like our theatrical managers' fondness for calling indecency "Art."

"The Ocean Sleuth" (Dutton, \$1.35), by Maurice Drake, is a bracing bit of sea-adventure and romance, pleasantly told. Austin Voogdt happens to be on the scene of a wreck. Later reports have it that an absconding banker, together with his booty, has gone down with the ship. But, strange to say, the notes recovered from the wreck are forgeries, while the real notes are in circulation. Busying himself with the perplexing problem, he solves the mystery of the notes. Though the story's probabilities are sometimes strained, it holds together pretty well, and is solved naturally. The author's style is quite vivacious.—"Person! Mary, how dare you call yourself a person?" indignantly protested Gerald Mason when Mary Graeme, "The Heir of Duncarron" (Putnam, \$1.35), entertained the suspicion that she was not worthy to be his wife. However, she finally recovered from being a person, and so they were married. This latest novel of Amy McLaren is gracefully written on familiar lines. The character of the old Scotch nurse is well-drawn and every page of the book is clean, which is high praise nowadays.

"High Tide: Songs of Joy and Vision from the Present-Day Poets of America and Great Britain" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.25) and "Gregorian Poetry; 1913-1915" (Putnam, \$1.50) are two anthologies of modern verse. Mrs. Waldo Richards, the compiler of the first volume, has made discriminating selections from the writings of more than a hundred poets, among them Thomas A. Daly, Louise Imogen Guiney, Joyce Kilmer, Alice Meynell, Father Tabb, Francis Thompson, Katharine Tynan and Thomas Walsh. W. M. Letts has two of her Irish poems in the volume and the following lines of Edwin Markham on "Victory in Defeat," well express an old truth:

Defeat may serve as well as victory
To shake the soul and let the glory out,
When the great oak is straining in the wind,
The boughs drink in new beauty, and the trunk
Sends down a deeper root on the windward side.
Only the soul that knows the mighty grief
Can know the mighty rapture. Sorrows come
To stretch out spaces in the heart of joy.

The other book, which seems to have been prepared by a certain "E. M.," is filled with verses written within the past two years by fourteen English poets, but there appears to be little that is particularly "imperishable" in the book except Rupert

Brooke's now-famous sonnet, beginning: "If I should die, think only this of me."

A remarkably interesting autobiography is that of "Geraldine Farrar" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.00) "the best-known woman in America." She describes her successful career from the time when as a child of three, just after singing a ditty at a church concert, she stepped to the edge of the platform and asked, "Did I do it well, mamma?" up to the other day, when she became a popular "movie" queen. The gifted daughter of a Melrose grocer, this girl determined to be a great prima donna, and by hard work and sheer force of character achieved her ambition. Thirty thousand dollars advanced by a Boston woman paid for Miss Farrar's musical education. Her singing captivated Berlin and the Kaiser's court, and when a famous impresario bade her "come down and sing for him," she had her maid telephone: "Miss Farrar is at her home, and if Herr Conried wishes to call, she will be glad to see him." He came and eventually closed an astonishing contract with her. "Not that I really cared about such items of expense," the diva explains, "but I was determined to enter the Metropolitan *en dignité*, and I did."

The people of this country still have much to learn about Latin America. Even its earlier history will have to be rewritten before we shall be in a position to understand the conditions that prevail there. "Much sentimental ink," says John Fisk, "has been shed over the wickedness" displayed by the Spanish Conquistadores. Of this proof positive is furnished by Kate Stephens' "The Mastering of Mexico" (Macmillan, \$1.50). Except for elisions made here and there, for the purpose of adapting the work to popular taste, the volume is little more than a translation of the "Conquista de la Nueva-España," by Bernel Diaz del Castillo; an "unsuspected historian," as Sir Arthur Helps calls him, and an eye-witness of the events he relates. The book will prove useful to those engaged in the teaching of American history in our high schools. Anyone particularly interested in the character of Cortes will find in the pages of the author's volume a good corrective for false notions about the greatest of the Conquistadores.

"English Grammar Simplified" (Funk and Wagnalls, \$0.75), by James C. Fernald does not greatly differ from most manuals on this subject. Commendable for its choice of material, the book states decisively the rules of English grammar, purposely omitting the extended explanations and the discussion of disputed subjects, and is intended not only as a text-book, but for quick reference in the home and the office. For the latter purpose, the index has been made very complete and accurate.—"A Second Reader" (Scribner's) by Hannah T. McManus and John T. Haaren, is a book which should delight the heart of every child entering the second school year. There is a varied selection of entertaining subjects to feed the imagination and a successful attempt to present them in a literary and simple manner.—Maude M. Frank's "High School Exercises in Grammar" (Longmans, \$0.75) is a new and revised edition of a good text-book for first-year pupils. A clear presentation of precepts is found just before the lengthy exercises, and illustrative quotations abound.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Allyn and Bacon, Boston:

Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Edited by William D. Lewis, A.M. With Illustrations by Florence M. Herrick. \$0.45; The New Chardenal French Course. By C. A. Chardenal. Revised and Written by Maro S. Brooks. With Illustrations. \$1.25.

D. Appleton & Co., New York:

Mary Rose of Mifflin. By Frances R. Sterrett. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Benziger Brothers, New York:

Pastoral Letters, Addresses and Other Writings of the Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, D.D., LL.D. Bishop of Trenton. Edited by Rev. James J. Powers. Second Edition. \$1.50.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:

The English Catholic Revival in the Nineteenth Century. By Paul Thureau Dangin. Revised and Re-edited from a Translation by the late Wilfred Wilberforce. In two volumes. \$11.00.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:

Learning to Earn: a Plea and a Plan for Vocational Education. By John A. Lapp and Carl H. Mote. With Introduction by Hon. William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce. \$1.25.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City:

We. A Confession of Faith for the American People during and after War. By Gerald Stanley Lee. \$1.50.

George H. Doran Co., New York:

Beggars on Horseback. By F. Tennyson Jesse. \$1.25; Quinneys', a Comedy in Four Acts. By Horace Annesley Vachell. \$1.00; Golden Glory. By F. Horace Rose. \$1.25.

B. Herder, St. Louis:

The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church. Sermons from the German. Adapted and Edited by Rev. Edward Jones. With an Introduction by the Most Rev. John Ireland, D.D. Volumes IV and V. \$1.50 each.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:

Geraldine Farrar. By Herself. \$2.00; The Greater Tragedy and Other Things. By Benjamin Aphorpe Gould. \$1.00; The Gift of Immortality. A Study in Responsibility. By Charles Lewis Slattery, D.D. \$1.00; Instead of the Thorn. A Novel. By Clara Louise Burnham. \$1.25; The Hills of Hingham. By Dallas Lore Sharp. \$1.25.

Imp. de l'Action Sociale Limitee, Quebec:

Leçons de Psychologie et de Theodicee; Leçons de Morale; Leçons de Logique. Par l'Abbé Arthur Robert. \$0.50 each.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York:

The Buffoon. By Louis U. Wilkinson. \$1.50.

John Lane Co., New York:

Adventures in Common Sense. By Doctor Frank Crane. \$1.00; The Fairy Bride. By Norreys Jephson O'Connor. \$1.00; Singing Fires of Erin. By Eleanor Rogers Cox. Designs by John P. Campbell. \$1.00.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:

East and West through Fifteen Centuries. Being a General History from B. C. 44 to A. D. 1453. By Br. Genl. G. F. Young, C.B. With Illustrations and Maps. In Four Volumes. Volumes I and II \$12.00.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:

Nights: Rome, Venice in the Aesthetic Eighties; London, Paris in the Fighting Nineties. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. \$3.00.

Little, Brown & Co., New York:

How to Know Your Child. By Miriam Finn Scott. \$1.25.

The Macmillan Company, New York:

Songs and Satires. By Edgar Lee Masters. \$1.50; The Rudder. By Mary S. Watts. \$1.50; Abraham Lincoln. By Daniel E. Wheeler. Illustrated. \$0.50; Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty. By Vachel Lindsay. \$1.00.

The Manas Press, Rochester, N. Y.:

Verse. By Adelaide Crapsey. \$1.00.

Oxford University Press, New York:

Records of Social and Economic History. Vol II. The Black Book of St. Augustine, Part I. By G. J. Turner and Rev. H. E. Saler, M. A. \$5.25; The Assumption of the Virgin. A Miracle Play from the N-Town Cycle. By W. W. Greg, Litt.D. \$1.25.

Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago:

About Miss Mattie Morningglory. By Lilian Bell. \$1.25; My Friend Phil. By Isabel M. Peacocke. \$1.25; "I Conquered." By Harold Titus. \$1.25.

Elihu S. Riley, Annapolis, Maryland:

An American Satyr. By Elihu S. Riley. \$0.25; Cloth \$0.75.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:

The Portion of a Champion. By Francis O'Sullivan Tighe. \$1.35; Antwerp to Gallipoli. By Arthur Ruhl. \$1.50; Father Damien. By Robert Louis Stevenson. \$0.50; Nan of Music Mountain. By Frank H. Spearman. \$1.35.

Sherman, French & Co., Boston:

Gibby of Clamshell Alley. By Jasmine Stone Van Dresser. \$1.35.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York:

Heroes of all Time. Oliver Cromwell. By Estelle Ross. \$0.75.

The Survey Committee of the Cleveland Foundation, Cleveland:

Department Store Occupations. By Iris Prouty O'Leary.

Typ. Laflamme & Proulx, Quebec:

Histoire de la Philosophie. Par l'Abbé Arthur Robert. \$0.75.

University of California Press, Berkeley:

Variations in Efficiency during the Day, Together with Practise Effects, Sex Differences and Correlations. By Arthur I. Gates. \$1.50.

Volkvereinsverlag, M. Gladbach:

Heimatgrüsse an unsere Krieger im Jahre 1915. M. 4; Alban Stolz. Von Herman Herz. 1.20M.

Joseph F. Wagner, New York:

The Chief Points of Difference between the Catholic and Protestant Creeds. By Rev. F. Laun. \$0.75.

R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd., London:

Catholicism in Medieval Wales. By J. E. De Hirsch-Davies, B.A. 3s/6d.

EDUCATION

II—The Boy and the Boarding School

THE Catholic parent does not, as a rule, demand that his son become a great statesman or a man of letters. He asks, first of all, that he shall pass to manhood strongly grounded in the principles and practices of the Faith and, secondly, that he be protected during the period of adolescence from those graver temptations that may mean his moral ruin. A Catholic boarding school is quite unequaled as a guardian of faith and virtue. The ideal home, it may be, surpasses the school in the power of supernatural character-development, but the "ideal home" is unfortunately becoming more and more rare in our busy modern life. Moreover, the Catholic boarding school has a source of supernatural strength incomparably more powerful than even a mother's love or a father's watchful care. The sun and center of the Catholic boarding school is Christ in the Sacrament of the Eucharist; the daily reception of the Bread of Life is the means employed to strengthen wayward boyhood in purity and faith. Daily Communion is preached in season and out of season; the good example of "real boys" so living as "to receive" daily is a powerful influence to those who are easily led in good or ill. Sturdy piety becomes the fashion; purity of life, an accepted standard, and evil influence is reduced to a minimum.

Moreover, daily Communion, the great ideal of Catholic life, becomes here a practical reality. Morning Mass has always been of rule; the morning reception of the Eucharist involves but little extra effort. Where one boy living at home will have the perseverance to continue the practice, ten will do so at school. Thus, in two excellent Catholic schools forty miles apart and enrolling more than 500 students, the average number of communicants in the day school is less than fifty; in the boarding school, more than 400.

Not that a Catholic boarding school is an Eden where sin and the serpent enter not. Even here, "it must needs be that scandals come," for we deal with boys and young men and not with a choir of angels. But no one who has dwelt for any time in such a place can doubt that in this distinctively religious atmosphere, faith and piety are of a high standard. The evil-minded are held in restraint by public opinion; and many grave sources of temptation are entirely absent.

NOT A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE HOME

"The boarding school can never take the place of the home." Of course it can't. And equally, of course, "the home cannot take the place of the school." It is not supposed to. The school supplements, not replaces, the training of the home. Any boy who has missed a mother's care or a sister's gentle tact in the refining atmosphere of home, can scarcely hope to have that omission supplied later in life. And the boy who comes to the age of fourteen, boorish, selfish or offensively loud, is very likely to retain these traits as a man. Habits are formed from seven to fourteen; ideals from fourteen to twenty-one, and the boarding school belongs to the second period rather than the first. School and home have their separate place in the formation of character. Boys are gregarious by instinct, whether those instincts lead them to associate with the "gang" on the corner or the "set" at the dancing academy. The normal boy simply will associate with his kind; if kept at home or in the company of elders, he is almost sure to develop into that unlovely monster of boyhood, the young prig. By watchful care and tact, he may be guarded in the choice of associates; in a Catholic boarding school these associations are far more likely to be thoroughly wholesome. In the democracy of school a natural instinct is so satisfied as to bring out most easily the best traits of manliness. We suspect that the Bourbons would have been wiser rulers

and better men if, instead of their flock of wise instructors and special text-books in *usum Delphini*, their sacred persons had been thrust unceremoniously into the democracy of school, boarding school preferred. Modern royalty would seem to have learned this lesson, for the young princelings of England are educated today in her national public schools. Only the other day the world was impressed to hear that a possible heir to the crown of England had been worsted in an athletic event by a mere plebeian. And even the news of battle gave place for a moment to the significance of this friendly rivalry of peace.

THE DEMOCRACY OF SCHOOL

"The democracy of school." There you have in a phrase the distinctive features of boarding-school life. It is in this democracy that bluff and brag, conceit and artificiality, selfishness and tactlessness are dealt with by an effectual and almost pitiless scorn. Brains and character and the athletic skill that comes of clean living, are the only titles to respect and admiration. Money cannot buy popularity, nor is poverty a bar to leadership. Here at least the healthy standard rules, "a man's a man for a' that." If a boy under this drastic training can be made to understand that pretense and vulgarity and selfishness are valueless as passports to leadership, he will carry into later life a lesson that could never have been learned save in the hard school of experience. If he has even the latent character to react to such environment, he will all his life be better for the training; if not, his stay in such a world will be brief and stormy. The malcontents in any boarding school are rarely those who have won by character the popularity of their fellows.

SCHOLARSHIP

A true system of education has a twofold end: to develop character and to impart scholarship. The first is more important, the second is more exclusively the work of the school. Men have developed character without education, they rarely attain to learning, save under guidance and tuition. As aids to the attainment of scholarship, particularly for the young, we may consider these three as most important: intimate contact with men of scholarly ideals, the absence of distracting influences, and Vergil's *labor improbus*, unceasing, whole-hearted work. A little consideration will show that these are most readily found in the surroundings of boarding-school life.

ASSOCIATIONS

A boy at school is, to a striking degree, a worshiper of talent; he is impressed by the display of learning; he is attracted by the evidence of broad and scholarly research; his eager spirit is fired to emulate what he finds so admirable. The contact between scholar and master cannot elsewhere be so easy and frequent as at a school where both live practically under the same roof. This association must, of course, be quite unforced; otherwise, it savors of patronizing, and a healthy boy is quick to resent and clever to defeat such unwelcome meddling. Mr. A. C. Benson tells of a young Oxford don by the name of Tupper who was over-eager to bring the undergraduates under what he supposed to be an elevating personal influence. He was rudely shocked one evening to hear through his open window, the remark of one undergraduate to another on the walk below: "Let's do a Tupper tonight, and get it over with for the year." And yet, many an "old boy" at commencement day recalls with grateful satisfaction his early association with his masters, the long talks, the kindly advice, the welcome that always awaited him in the intimacy of their studies and the ideals unconsciously absorbed for later life. And nowhere as in the boarding school, are such opportunities so readily afforded.

ABSENCE OF DISTRACTIONS

"No man can serve two masters." Study and amusement fighting for the golden springtime of youth are deadly foes in an unequal struggle. The scholar of mature years may serve the one and use the other with wise discrimination, but not the intemperate soul of youth. "A boy's will is the wind's will." He will "hate the one and love the other"; he will vaunt the flippant boast that he is "getting an education in spite of the faculty"; and he will go forth into the world with a thin veneer of scholarship to make the judicious grieve. To this disinclination to serious mental work, the boarding school opposes an orderly succession of study, sport and amusement. No system can secure a perfect efficiency; it can only send away those who stubbornly refuse to profit by their opportunities. The first requisites of such a school is a kindly strictness and a wise restraint. How irksome are strictness and restraint to the ardent spirit of youth, none know better than those whose duty it is to enforce them. Many will never understand their purpose or see anything but petty tyranny and unwarranted interference with "natural rights." The school management which is too conscientious to put mere numbers before lasting results, must rest secure in the hope that in years to come those who have submitted perforce to the system will understand its wisdom. And yet after ten months of such freedom from distractions, the average student will look back in June with a sense of satisfaction over a fair measure of achievement, which would not otherwise have been his. And with the knowledge of these results, the school must rest content.

"LABOR IMPROBUS"

If there is one point on which those who have acquired a measure of success in life are in accord, it is the necessary connection between success and work. Work may not always bring success, but success is not possible without work. The business man, the professional man and the statesman agree in this, that the summits of life are gained by the long and stony path of unremitting toil. The statement is a commonplace in "Advice to Young Men" and a platitude of the commencement orator. Yet few young men under twenty realize its application to their lives. The habit of concentrated mental work is the most enduring result of a man's early training. The Latin and the Greek, the history and the science so laboriously acquired too often fade from the mind by the early thirties, but habits of industry, the joy of combating and conquering intellectual difficulties, is an enduring gain and the source of power and leadership. It is far from common in any class of students and in any school. But this may be said in all moderation of statement: that those who have the will to work have almost unlimited opportunities at boarding school to get the best out of these years of their life; while those who would otherwise idle their time away in welcome dissipation will acquire something of a vigorous mental spirit. The inevitable hindrances to study, both social and domestic are almost entirely absent, while opportunities and excuses to shirk are noticeably fewer than they are at home.

If this paper should seem a partisan presentation of the case for the boarding school, the writer can only repeat that it sets forth his honest convictions based on an experience with both systems. To sum it up: the average boy will progress farther at boarding school in piety, character and scholarship than he will elsewhere, not because of better teaching or better educational equipment, but because of the single fact that such a manner of life best meets the average problem of the average boy from fourteen to twenty-one.

Campion College.

CLAUDE J. PERNIN, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

On the East Side

JUST a block from the Bowery, where the city's life is mixed and free, you will find the Barat Settlement House. Not very pretentious, it is true, nor elaborately furnished, but real settlement work is done there, nobly and generously. And after all, that is what counts. The one thing necessary in a settlement house, at least as far as the children of Italian parents are concerned, is to make them know and love and practise their religion. This end is attained in Chrystie Street, a neighborhood in days not so long ago known as "Crime Block." The police-blotter in the nearby station-house gives the best explanation for the name. Many settlement houses succeed in supplying the physical needs of the children. The Barat Settlement does this, but it also looks after their souls and makes them realize that their Faith is the greatest of treasures, the pearl beyond price, the dearest thing to hold, the saddest thing to lose.

HOW THE WORK IS DONE

You might think you were in the poor quarter of Naples, if you strolled down Chrystie Street some afternoon, and mingled in the crowds that surge along past number 223, where true settlement work is done. But you are not; you are in old New York, amid conditions that may jar your notions of the social question and make you wonder less why the illiterate, underpaid workmen eagerly listen to the soap-box Socialist orator, painting the picture of what might be if society were only revolutionized. You know he is an idle dreamer, but the poor man in the street, coming home from long hours of hard work, thinks the picture wonderfully beautiful and firmly believes in the Socialist's Utopia. It is the children of this poor man that the workers in the Barat Settlement have to meet, in order to bring sunshine into young lives where there is much gloom and suffering. Two rooms in a rear tenement on the lower East Side rarely admit much sunshine. So the little ones gather at the Settlement, some at early morning, others when school is over, to learn that there is something more in life than low wages and dark tenements.

The Settlement is governed by a board of directors composed of the Children of Mary of the three Convents of the Sacred Heart in New York City. The ordinary management of the house is entrusted to a resident matron, and a resident worker and a janitress are there during the day, but it is the Children of Mary who devote their time to the various works of the Settlement. The open-hearted confidence of the little ones, their intelligent grasp of the fundamentals of Catholic doctrine, their love for the life-giving Sacraments, speak loudly and eloquently of the solid work accomplished by the devoted daughters of the great Heart of Christ, who give of their best when they devote themselves to the work of bringing the little ones nearer to the Lover of Children.

PHASES OF THE WORK

Christian Doctrine, the science, as Pope Pius X told the Roman clergy a month after he assumed the tiara, that is the great antidote to modern pseudo-science, is one of the chief works carried on in crowded Cherry Street. There are fourteen classes in all, from the prayer class to the perseverance class, the children coming voluntarily after the closing bell rings in the public school. For these little ones live east of the Bowery, a good distance from the school attached to the Mission of Loretto. A feature of catechetical instruction that appeals very strongly to the lively young minds is the

stereopticon lecture. Pictures appropriate to the different seasons of the ecclesiastical year are thrown upon the screen, and the story of the God-Man living among the children of men is retold in simple language.

The kindergarten is an important division of the Barat Settlement and proves an untold blessing to the overworked mothers of this congested tenement district. The opening hour is nine o'clock and the closing hour three. That is supposed to be the daily order, but the fact is eight o'clock often finds the place crowded to its limit, and long past four in the afternoon you will find the youngsters playing there, waiting for their mothers to take them safely home. And oh, what homes they have! It is Ruskin, I believe, who tells us that home is the place of peace, the shelter not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt and division. Ruskin, probably, wrote that in the quiet of his study, looking out of his big window at some smiling patch of meadow-land bathed in summer sunlight. He never lived on New York's East Side, a block or two from the Bowery, where "home" spells something quite different.

Part of the Settlement's schedule comprises domestic science, and over fifty children make up the classes of cooking and sewing. They are taught up-to-date cooking methods, and due attention is given to food values. In the sewing classes the younger children begin on canvas work, their older sisters on small patches of cotton, learning running, hemming, overseam, back-stitch, etc. Little by little as they progress they are taught to make their own clothes, which, when properly finished, they are permitted to keep. Friday afternoon is sewing day at the Settlement, and the attendance is always large, for many of the children feel that, in the near future, the needle will be for them a means of livelihood.

SODALITY ACTIVITY

The older girls, some of whom spend busy days in shop or factory, meet every Sunday morning at eleven, as members of the St. Agnes Sodality. They have their little acts of devotion and works of zeal, and their Communion Sunday each month when they approach the Holy Table in a body. Their weekly dues are one cent, the sum being used for an entertainment which the girls plan themselves. To miss a meeting is a rare event, and the spirit of piety in these sodalists is striking. If you would know the Sodality spirit, not on paper, but in real life, spend a few minutes listening to these children speaking of the interests dearest to their pure young hearts, the interests of their Immaculate Queen. Or if perchance you know of any group of sodalists in college or convent school, grown apathetic in sodality duties, send a few of them down to New York's East Side, and they will learn how the Queen of Heaven can hold her court on earth, yes, and not in a very beautiful part of earth at that.

There is a boys' club, too, down in the Barat Settlement, that meets three evenings a week, from seven till nine-thirty. The Junior Holy Name Society, as their club is called, gives the youngsters a chance to spend an enjoyable and interesting evening, and saves their money and their souls from falling into the maw of the "movies," that are as numerous as they are cheap, in every sense of the term, in this part of Manhattan. The Junior Holy Name combines the social with the spiritual, for it is really a sodality as well as a club. Games and debates, story-telling and instruction fill up the evening and keep the boys off the streets. Now to keep them off the streets sounds rather meaningless in print, and gives the impression of little accomplished in the way of boy-saving. You will grasp the force of the expression if you spend a few hours after sundown in these streets on and around the Bowery, when the night-life of this section is in full swing.

METHODS AND FIGURES

The little boys, ranging from seven to twelve years, have their own meeting hours, play their games, enjoy the graphophone or the stories told them by the devoted matron of the Barat Settlement. The big boys, who form the senior division of the club, hold meetings distinct from the youngsters, presided over by one of the teachers from the Loretto Mission School. As their school days are numbered, for most of them have to begin work early in life and contribute to the support of their families, they are warned against the grave dangers that confront the working lad in the present economic conditions that are common to all big American cities. They are given popular talks on social problems, and on their library table is placed sound literature that exposes modern social fallacies.

Cooking and sewing classes, catechetical instruction and illustrated lectures, games, amusements and mothers' meetings make up the activities of settlement work. The report of the Barat Settlement for the year just closing gives the following figures: Day nursery, average daily attendance, infants and toddlers, 50; kindergarten and after-school children, 58; boys' catechism classes, 124; girls' catechism classes, 129; Holy Name Society, 29; St. Agnes Sodality, 34; sewing society, 63; cooking class, 8. This report does not include the vacation months of July and August. During that time the house and yard are thrown open to the children, who are under the supervision of two paid workers. A shelter tent is in the yard, and the children have their games, their sand-pile and their swings.

WANTED: AN ENDOWMENT

In these jottings you have only a pen-picture of the work going on in Chrystie Street. But no pen-picture can adequately portray it; to appreciate the good that is done you have to see with your own eyes what is going on. You might imagine, too, as you saw the Barat system in action that there was a substantial endowment back of all the energy that is pulsing through the house. The surprising fact is that there is no endowment at all. The annual sum of \$6,000 is required to keep up the work, and the funds are raised mainly by subscriptions with an occasional bazaar when funds are low.

The Children of Mary who labor for the Barat Settlement are prominent Catholics of New York who believe in keeping their Catholicism alive and active. The work they are doing in Chrystie Street proves it. In a circular that was sent out some time ago were these words: "Will you help the Barat Settlement and Day Nursery to continue its work by sending one dollar for the enclosed tickets, as this amount will provide food for *one* child for *ten* days?" When you think over that sentence and then see the good being done on Chrystie Street, you can all but hear an echo of that piteous cry that rang out from Divine lips many centuries ago, on a hillside in old Judea: "Suffer the little children to come to me." The answer to that cry is sounded in deeds of love by true Catholic womanhood in Chrystie Street.

GERALD C. TREACY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A special edition of the *Wilmington Morning News* announced on April 3 the loss sustained by the entire city in the death of Monsignor John A. Lyons, Vicar-General of the diocese of Wilmington, Delaware, and pastor of St. Peter's Cathedral. Catholics and Protestants mourned the loss of a man who was profoundly respected by all. Forty-six years of priestly service consecrated to the Church as a devoted pastor was the noble record of his life. During that time he had become a mighty power for good within his own community, and the zealous

loyalty with which he exercised his high calling won for him an influence far beyond the circle of his own Faithful. "He was a model priest," and in those few words is summed up the secret of his great success. He desired no honors, but wished to labor unto weariness and death for the flock committed to his care. "A prelate of firm and unswerving convictions," the secular press editorially said of him, "and free to express them in the pulpit and out of it, when he thought necessary, Monsignor Lyons exerted wide influence, which was not limited to Roman Catholic circles. He was a man of high ideals, which he did not fail to inculcate by his life and preaching." His charities were many and seldom were priest and people so intimately and affectionately united. His last words to his parishioners were likewise the keynote of his own life: "Live for God; live for eternity!" It is a motto that might well be carved in stone for his lasting memorial.

The idols are falling. In his recently published autobiography, Charles Francis Adams expresses as follows his opinion of Harvard College in the fifties and of Harvard University today:

But as for giving direction to, in the sense of shaping, the individual minds of young men in their most plastic stage, so far as I know nothing of the kind was even dreamed of; it never entered into the professorial mind. This was what I needed, and all I needed—an intelligent, inspiring direction; and I never got it, nor a suggestion of it. I was left absolutely without guidance. I might blunder through, and, doubtless, somehow would blunder through, just as I did; but if I didn't work my problem out for myself, it would remain unsolved.

And that was the Harvard system. It remains in essence the Harvard system still. An old, outgrown, pedagogic relation of the large class recitation room. The only variation has been through Eliot's effort to replace it by the yet more pernicious system of premature specialization. This is a confusion of the college and university functions, and constitutes a direct menace to all true higher education. The function of the college is an all-round development, as a basis for university specializations. Eliot never grasped that fundamental fact; and so he undertook to turn Harvard College into a German university, specializing the student at 18. He thus made still worse what was in my time bad enough. He instituted a system of one-sided contact in place of a system based on no contact at all. It is devoutly to be hoped that some day a glimmer of true light will effect an entrance into the professional educator's head.

Catholic educators, of course, have always insisted on the high importance of close relations between teachers and pupils and have sternly opposed, like Mr. Adams, all specializing until the student has laid, during his college course, a broad and solid groundwork of general culture.

The extreme need of Catholic schools in Texas has recently been brought to the notice of Catholics. "The easiest way for the Texas situation to be taken care of," *Our Sunday Visitor* suggested, "would be for some good-sized parish 'up north' to adopt one of the schools." By way of example *Our Sunday Visitor* has adopted six of these schools, making itself responsible for their regular support. It then recommends a list of other schools for adoption, the annual expenses of which vary from \$150 to \$500. The schools in question have been built to give assistance to priests laboring among the Mexicans who constitute from three-fourths to nine-tenths of the Texan population. "There is no large congregation where a parish sodality would not gladly undertake the sweet burden of supporting one of these schools," the editor adds. "In every city and town Catholics are acquainted with the activities among Protestant organizations for the furtherance of missionary work, and there is no cause for which our Catholic ladies would so cheerfully band themselves together." To support a hundred such schools,

as he rightly says, should offer no difficulty where the cost is so comparatively small and the good to be accomplished so very great. Several of these schools have already been adopted by parishes or individual Catholics. Thus in the latest issue of *Our Sunday Visitor* a priest writes: "I am willing personally to defray the expenses of supporting one of the schools you have mentioned. Please let me know what school is most in need of support and I will send a check next week." Other generous contributions toward this purpose are likewise noted. A picture of the school and its children is sent by the priest in charge and daily prayers are said for the intentions of the donors. The schools themselves are usually built at a cost below \$1,000 and employ from one to five teachers.

The latest edition of "The Official Catholic Directory," published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, has just been announced. It places the number of Catholics in the United States, as carefully compiled from the records of the various diocesan chancery offices, at 16,564,109. To this figure, says Joseph H. Meier, who has devoted more than ten years to the study of the subject, at least ten per cent must be added in order "to arrive at the real Catholic population figure of the United States." Such an addition would increase the total number of Catholics to over 18,000,000. We may consider this a rather fair estimate, in spite of the carping remarks recently made in many non-Catholic publications upon the question of Catholic population statistics. Should this year's gain of 254,799 seem to be comparatively small, Mr. Meier offers the explanation that it has not been possible for all the dioceses to take a new census during the past year. Many of the reports therefore remain unchanged. Twenty-six banner States are enumerated with a Catholic population of over 100,000, and four that exceed the million mark: New York with 2,899,223, Pennsylvania with 1,802,977, Illinois with 1,479,291 and Massachusetts with 1,400,834. The following are some other items of statistical interest to which the publishers call attention:

Including the Catholics of the Island possessions of the United States it is found, according to the 1916 edition of "The Official Catholic Directory" that there are 24,922,062 Catholics under the United States flag. In the United States proper there are 16,564,109; in the Philippines there are 7,285,458. The additional 1,072,495 are in Alaska, the Canal Zone, in Guam, in American Samoa, in the Hawaiian Islands and in Porto Rico. The 1916 Directory shows, therefore, that there are almost twenty-five million Catholics under the protection of the stars and stripes.

There are 19,572 Catholic Clergymen in the United States. Of these 14,318 are Secular Clergy while 5,254 are Regular Clergy, that is, members of Religious Orders. Death laid a heavy hand on American Prelates and Priests during the year 1915 and not in a score of years have so many changes taken place. One Archbishop and ten Bishops passed away and according to the necrology section of the present edition 321 priests went to their eternal reward.

The publication also lists 10,058 Catholic churches with resident priests; 5,105 mission churches; eighty-five seminaries with 6,201 students studying for the priesthood; 112 homes for aged; 210 colleges for boys; 685 academies for girls and 5,528 parochial schools. In these parochial schools there are enrolled 1,497,949 children. Furthermore, there are 283 orphan asylums with 48,089 orphans.

An attempt was likewise made to secure figures showing the number of converts made during the past year. In the sixty-nine dioceses in which such records were kept they numbered 19,009. But from many of the most important centers no statistics could be obtained. "No convert figures were reported from New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Hartford, Newark and twenty-two other dioceses." It is certain, therefore, that the number of converts is vastly greater than the above figure indicates, although much more might doubtless be done in this direction by the zealous American Catholics.